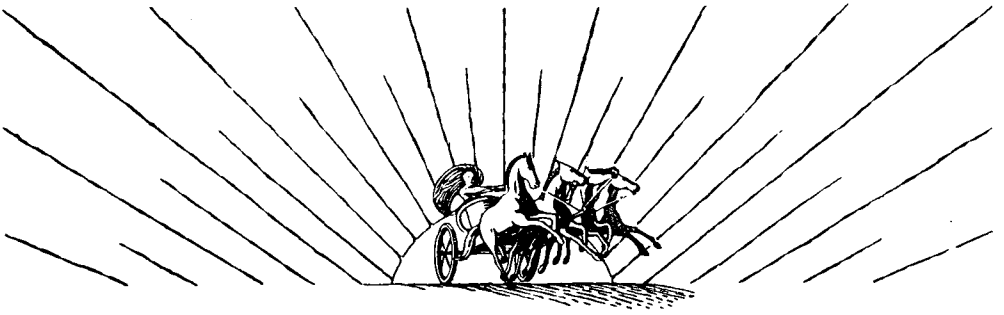

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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July

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NEXT WEEK

POLAND NUMBER

BLOODY DAYS IN WARSAW — *By A. L. Brzoska*

Here is one of the first authentic accounts of the bayonet fighting that actually took place in the streets of Warsaw. Since Pilsudski has come into power, he has instituted strict censorship to prevent such descriptions as this one from reaching the outside world.

POLAND'S ECONOMIC IMPASSE — *By E. Varga*

Why was there a Polish revolution in the first place? Mr. Varga tells us some of the underlying causes beneath the present disorder in one of the most distressful countries in Europe.

WHY POLAND IS A PROBLEM

By a Special Correspondent

One of the *New Statesman's* less cheerful correspondents gives his version of the case.

BISECTING THE ARCTIC — *By F. Ramm*

The author of this article was one of the men on board the Norge during its polar flight. He has written a sort of log of this epochal journey.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *JUNE 19, 1926* — NO. 4276

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AFTER THE STRIKE IS OVER

MIDDLE- and upper-class England emerged from the general strike with an enlarged bump of self-complacency and immense admiration for Mr. Baldwin. Even journals politically opposed to the Premier hailed his attitude throughout the conflict, and above all immediately after its conclusion, with acclamation. The Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* said that Mr. Baldwin had 'consolidated his position as the most universally popular Prime Minister in British history,' and assured its readers that 'the spectacle of Mr. Baldwin wearing laurels is in no way disagreeable to us.' This did not prevent its picking flaws in the Government's handling of the strike and the settlement, but it represented a great concession from the organ of an Opposition Party. The Conservative *Saturday Review* spoke more in character when it asserted that 'the strike has greatly enhanced Mr. Baldwin's reputation and made his position in the Party impregnable.' Borrowing its figure from the cricket field, the *Outlook*, a paper of kindred sympathies, declared: 'Mr. Baldwin, by common consent, hardly made a mistake; he batted evenly on a fiery wicket, and was not out at the close'; and added more soberly elsewhere: 'Out of all this chaos the man who emerges with the most enhanced reputation is the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin has deserved well of the nation. Through the almost intolerable strain and stress of the last three weeks, he has kept both his head and his temper, and in doing so he has enabled the nation to do likewise.'

The *New Statesman* characterized the beginning of the strike as a victory of a Cabinet 'War Party,' headed by Mr. Winston Churchill, over the Prime Minister and Lord Birkenhead, who were fighting desperately for peace. The Premier 'was faced with the immediate resignation of seven of his colleagues, — Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, Bridgeman, Amery, "Jix," Cunliffe-Lister, and one other of whose identity we are not sure,' — and finally yielded to the majority. 'He ought not to have given way, of course,

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but excuses may perhaps be found for an utterly exhausted man who, having fought the trade-unions for days and nights, found himself called upon at the last moment to fight his own colleagues.' At any rate, the Prime Minister quickly recovered his footing, so that when the strike ended 'Mr. Baldwin had regained control of his Cabinet and had acquired so enormous a personal popularity in the country that he could afford to let all his colleagues resign if they wanted to. He took charge of affairs without consulting anybody, and without any Cabinet authorization — which would certainly not have been forthcoming from the fight-to-a-finish section — he declared peace and insisted upon peace.' Most laudatory of all, however, was the *Spectator*, which declared jubilantly that the one fact in regard to which all men were agreed was the preeminence of Mr. Baldwin. 'Without any calculation, without any ambitious intent, without any effort of self-centred will, he has leapt into a position — or rather the British people have taken him upon their shoulders and lifted him into a position — such as no Prime Minister has occupied since the days of William Pitt. . . . Mr. Baldwin, in his short civil war, like Lincoln in the three years' agony of the American Republic, had a double allegiance to fulfill — his allegiance to the country as a whole, and his allegiance to his own side and his principles.' A contributor wrote elsewhere in the same journal: 'It is clearly the Prime Minister first, the rest nowhere. Mr. Baldwin has gone from strength to strength. England has found in him her Abraham Lincoln. An infinite patience, a perfect courage, a calm and steadiness quite complete — here without hyperbole and exaggeration was a "pilot who weathered the storm."'

England's self-complacency, which we imagine was substantially justified, was rather whimsically focused on the humorous good-nature with which the people as a whole encountered a tremendous domestic crisis. Never was the nation's faith in democracy shaken for a single moment. Never was there an instant's praying for a Mussolini. Several references were made to the fact that more blood was shed and more people were arrested in Paris during the Royalist riots on Jeanne d'Arc Day, which occurred almost simultaneously with the climax of the strike in England, 'than in the whole of Great Britain.' Although the offices of the *Daily Mail*, the most belligerently anti-Labor newspaper of the moment, and those of the *British Worker*, the fiery champion of the trade-unions, were only a few doors apart, and immense crowds gathered outside their buildings to watch their operations, the people 'were as peaceable as lambs.' In Wellington Street, where the *British Gazette* — the Government's provocative news-sheet — was published, other crowds gathered regularly and watched the volunteers bringing in huge rolls of paper for the presses and hurrying away with the truckloads of printed papers. Here likewise 'there were hoots, of course; there was quite an amount of jeering and comic advice to those who were carting and shifting the paper. But there was never the slightest hint of an ugly situation.'

Again, the buses whose windows had been smashed when passing through some of the rougher quarters of the city ran thereafter with the empty frames boarded over and chalked announcements printed on them, such as 'Emergency Exit,' or 'Aerated Bus Company' — a play upon the Aerated Bread Company's chain restaurants all over London. The special constables, of course, received their share of spoofing. One of them, who bore down

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upon a child pushing a small wheelbarrow on the sidewalk and ordered him to join the rest of the traffic in the roadway, was greeted with the retort: 'Garn awye! I seen a real 'un.'

Our own Will Rogers, who chanced to be in London, said in an interview to the *Daily Mail:* 'The longer the strike, the calmer grew the calm. I got excited following your calm up. The calmer you got, the more excited I got. The strikers I found to be patriotic Englishmen, as unwilling for disorder as any.'

Of course, this struggle, like every such conflict, had its pathetic or appealing aspects. Some of these were recorded by Evelyn Sharp in a 'Diary of the Strike' published in the *New Leader*, a Labor weekly. Such was the account of over sixty railmen known to one of the writer's friends, whose pensions were due to begin the following month, but who 'risked everything and came out "to stand by the miners" — this in pleasing contrast to the schoolboys of the middle class, who seemed to have invaded London in their best clothes in order to rush around in other people's motor cars.' The strikers simply derided the precautions of the Government, as when one open-air speaker, pointing to the barricades erected around the Smithfield Market, described them to his hearers as 'not to keep you and me from looting the meat, comrades, but to keep the sausages from running away.' Among the amusing contrasts was a line of empty lorries escorted by police entering the market just when a man emerged pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with sides of beef and trundled his cargo down the street to his shop, unguarded and unmolested. Witness, also, the following entry from this diary: —

Sunday, May 9. — This morning early, a lorry full of 'specials,' under an inspector, arrived at a spot in a strike area where tram lines were being repaired, and proceeded to remove loose rails and heaps of stones. The inspector explained to a bystander that this was being done for fear of their being used as weapons. The strikers who looked on — presumably the people who would wield the weapons but for the wise forethought of our rulers — hugely enjoyed the spectacle of these amateur navvies, who must have resembled Walter Crane's pictures of the horny-handed, except that, according to my informant, they wore gloves. A church in the same neighborhood was crammed to overflowing, this evening, with strikers and their families. The Socialist vicar preached magnificently about God and Mammon; and a Litany of Intercession for everybody, including strikers, employers, and police, was responded to with commendable impartiality, I thought, under the circumstances.

We are forced to form our opinion of the termination of the strike principally from sources unsympathetic to its leaders. The *Saturday Review* thus summarizes the reasons which decided the Trades Union Council to end the battle with dramatic suddenness. 'Justice Astbury's judgment weighed heavily with them, and, together with Sir John Simon's speech, made them fear legal action for damages. Equally operative in helping them to a decision was consideration of the consequences of calling up their "second line." Either there would have been a poor response, and the movement would have cracked, or there would have been a solid response, in which case the consequences might have been appalling. For the second line included postal, telegraph, and telephone hands, and power and light workers, and without any of these services the country would indeed have been plunged in chaos.' The *Spectator* characterized the official report of the visit at which the Labor leaders surrendered to the Premier as 'strangely interesting reading.' 'The Prime Minister did not beat

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about the bush as Grant did at that famous, embarrassing interview at Appomattox Court House when Lee came to make his surrender. He at once asked Mr. Pugh to explain the visit. Mr. Pugh said that the General Council of the Trades Union Congress had been watching for an opportunity to resume the coal negotiations, and that they had recognized such an opportunity in the Prime Minister's wireless address to the nation. . . . "We are here, sir," he went on, "to say that this general strike is to be terminated forthwith in order that negotiations may proceed." The Prime Minister replied: "I thank God for your decision, and would only say that I do not think this is a moment for lengthy discussion. I shall call my Cabinet together forthwith." Mr. J. H. Thomas, addressing the Prime Minister, said: —

'You answered us in the way we knew you would answer us — namely, that just as you recognize we have done a big thing in accepting the responsibility, we felt sure the big thing would be responded to in a big way. Assistance from those who were opposing Parties ten minutes ago is essential to start things on the right road again. Your assistance is necessary, our assistance is necessary. We intend to give it. We trust your word as Prime Minister. We ask you to assist us in the way you only can assist us, by asking employers and all others to make the position as easy and smooth as possible. The one thing we must not have is guerrilla warfare.'

We have previously referred to the jubilant comment of the Fascist press of Italy upon the strike as an evidence of the breakdown of democracy. The Moscow press piped in the same key as Rome. *Pravda* predicted enthusiastically: 'The gradual turning of the economic strike of the trade-unions in England into a political battle is inevitable in case of the further development of the conflict.' The Third International published a proclamation to British Communists, in the May 8 issue of *Izvestia*, declaring that 'whatever may be the immediate end of the movement, the Bolshevization of the proletarian advance guard will proceed now with much greater speed than hitherto.' Parenthetically, the Laborist London *Daily Herald*, in a post-strike leader headed, 'Those Unforgettable Nine Days,' insisted that the strike was 'a greater success than anyone had dared to hope,' because 'it struck dismal apprehension into the hearts of the oppressors. The class that lives by owning felt a chill down its spine. It changed the whole perspective of the system in which that owning class was the principal object. Now it is the workers who loom large and impressive. The owning class has shriveled up. It has suddenly become paltry and small.'

Both Germany and France watched the conflict with mixed feelings, though solicitude for its speedy settlement seems to have been deeper and sincerer in Berlin than in Paris. In the first place, Germany feared that growing chaos in England would hearten her own powerful Communist Party; and, in the second place, she wished nothing to delay the recovery of world prosperity. The French attitude was more self-centred. Sisley Huddleston reported from Paris in the last days of the conflict: 'On the whole, I believe French sympathy to lie rather with the workers. There is a special reason for this. The Radicals and Socialists have initiated an international policy which cannot now be reversed, and they think that this policy can be worked out better with a Labor Government than with a Conservative Government.' This feeling would not have existed, however, had the French not been convinced that a social revolution was impossible across the Channel. A German

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diplomat who chanced to be in Paris during the strike thus summarized sentiment as he found it there: 'People here view the English general strike with very mixed feelings. On the one hand, they look upon it as a Communist trial of strength, and consequently wish the Government a quick victory. On the other hand, they hope that if it is protracted the pound sterling will fall.' To this he added in his own behalf: 'I am personally convinced that the strike was this time a mere blow in the water. Yet I feel equally certain that it is not the last general strike that England will see, but merely a first skirmish in the greatest economic battle that the Island Kingdom has ever witnessed.'

But what of the political, personal, and pecuniary aftermath of the strike? It left Parliament, if we may trust *The Nation and the Athenæum*, with 'a good conceit of itself. It was the centre where everything was done, the only institution that mattered, the one source of reliable news. The House feels renewed confidence in its future, for nothing seems now in sight that can shift it from its place in the Constitution.' The Conservative *Saturday Review* believed that the Labor Opposition in the House had 'suffered severely in credit,' and added, 'The moral of the general strike is that the extremists are not only in the unions, but in a position of some authority in the unions,' and therefore in the Labor Party. Nevertheless, it concluded that 'the immediate result of the strike has been to strengthen the intellectual Socialist elements in the trade-union party at the expense of the trade-unionist straddlers and extremists.' A *Spectator* contributor described the Labor delegation in the House during the latter days of the strike as 'bedraggled and utterly wretched' and leaning on Mr. Baldwin 'as a sick man leans on his nurse.'

Although Sir John Simon, whose great speech in the Commons, arguing that a general strike was illegal, was decisive on the juristic side of the conflict, chances to be a Liberal, his Party, according to the *Saturday Review*, has been hopelessly divided and compromised by the issues raised. Lloyd George's syndicated article in the American press predicting dreadful things for England was cabled back across the Atlantic and aroused a storm of indignation there. Meanwhile Lord Oxford and Lord Grey published opinions in the Government *British Gazette* that were extremely unpalatable, not only to Labor, but to the more Radical wing of the Liberals. The result has been to widen the long-existing rift in their ranks until it seems unbridgeable. *The Nation and the Athenæum* said: 'One incidental effect of the strike has been to renew dissensions within the Liberal Party. On the one side, deep resentment is felt against Mr. Lloyd George, whose persistent criticisms of the Government are denounced as factious and as showing an indifference to the supreme issue raised by the general strike. On the other side, the complaint is made that the main phalanx of Liberal leaders was false to the spirit of Liberalism in rallying so solidly to the Government's support.' It contended, however, that 'Mr. Lloyd George, in our opinion, comes out of the affair with credit. We do not think he got his emphasis right; but he is not the man to balance his sentences carefully against misinterpretation, still less to protect himself against possible confutation by events. But he said the things which it was especially the duty of Liberals to say; and in saying them he braved, what in practice it is hardest for a man to brave, the disapproval of those with whom he was most intimately associated.' The *Saturday Re-*

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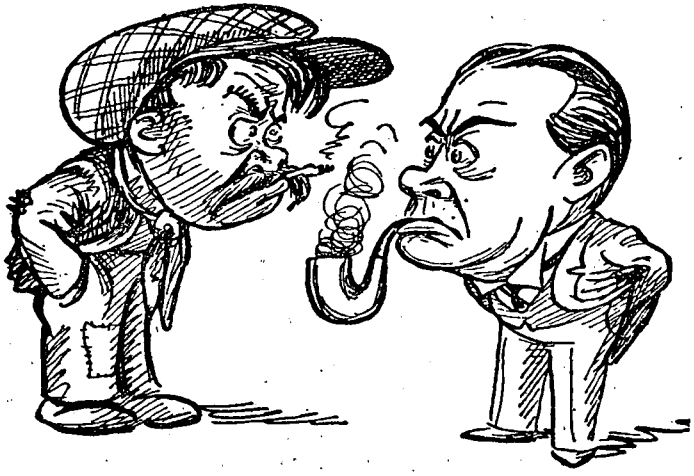
view naturally characterized the War Premier's action as that of 'a reckless gambler staking heavily on a final throw in the hope of recovering all his losses.' He banked on a near revolution, and his 'whole calculation was vitiated by the short duration of the trouble.' To this the *Outlook* chimed in, after commending the effect of Sir John Simon's great speech, which, 'so far as any one act can be said to have decided the issue,' performed that service: 'Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, has compromised himself badly, and men will neither forget nor forgive his attitude. His real following in the Liberal Party now consists of one, Commander Kenworthy, and both would probably feel more at home in the Labor ranks.' Even the Liberal *Westminster Gazette* referred to the Welsh statesman's 'temperamental waywardness,' and took up the cudgels in favor of Lord Oxford. Last of all, Ramsay MacDonald, somewhat soured by his Party's political miscarriages, is reported to have declared that this Liberal ally would be more properly among the Communists than the Laborists. It is risky to form conclusions from the press, however, for there are indications that a majority of the Liberals stand behind Lloyd George; and the Labor Party, instead of losing political prestige, has captured the Hammersmith seat from the Conservatives by a large majority in a by-election fought specifically on the strike issue.

Great satisfaction was felt when Mr. Churchill announced, a few days after the termination of the strike, that its direct cost to the national exchequer would not exceed £750,000, and might be less, and that no additional taxation was likely to be necessary. This sum represented the direct expenditures of the Government for extra police and other protective measures. Optimists argue that the strike was too brief to throw the nation's industrial machinery seriously out of joint, and that business losses will soon be made up by an increased spurt of activity.

A DUTCH VIEW OF THE BRITISH STRIKE



BALDWIN AND LABOR PLAYING 'WHO 'LL LAUGH FIRST?'
— *Haagsche Post*, The Hague

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ENGLAND AT BAY

BY A GERMAN AND A FRENCH OBSERVER

[THE first of the two following articles is by an anonymous special correspondent of the Berlin Social-Democratic Party organ, *Vorwärts*, and appeared in the May 8 issue of that journal, having been received by airplane from London. The second article, by Pertinax, appeared in the Clerical Conservative *L'Écho de Paris* of May 10 and 12, and brings the story down to the day before Labor called off the strike.]

I

Berlin, Monday, May 3. Evening. — The passenger train to Vlissingen is by no means crowded. Most Englishmen who have had occasion to leave Germany during the last few days have naturally tried to get to London before the fatal hour — midnight Monday. Only a very few of the unavoidably delayed are going to-night. When I ask them if we are likely to have difficulty getting from our landing port to London they laugh confidently, as if the question were a joke: 'There'll be plenty of trains, especially between London and the Channel ports.'

'But,' I suggest, 'the strike call of the railway unions makes an exception only of food trains.'

'Oh, well, all the railway employees are n't in the unions.'

Rosendael, Tuesday, May 4. Morning. — The Netherlands papers print long reports of the big debate in the House of Commons, but little actual information concerning the strike itself. The latter did not officially begin until midnight, but there is a brief notice in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* saying: 'This evening steamer service between the Hook of Holland and Harwich has been suspended.' That is an English line. The Dutch line from Vlissingen to Folkestone is still running. This is the first shock to the self-confidence of my British fellow travelers.

Vlissingen, Tuesday noon. — Altogether only thirty or thirty-five passengers are taken on board the Princess Juliana. In addition she carries twice that number of mail bags and great cases of freshly slaughtered Holland meat. Doubtless the first concern of the British Government is to get the last part of our cargo to London. Next comes the mail, and last of all the passengers.

Off the English coast, Tuesday afternoon. — The sea is decidedly rough, but the Dover cliffs are in sight. We pass the town at a distance of about three hundred yards and can see the water front clearly. The harbor is absolutely deserted and lifeless. Not a crane is moving, not a factory chimney is smoking.

Folkestone, Tuesday, 7 P.M. — We can take in the seriousness of the crisis before the steamer stops. The London express that ordinarily stands waiting for our boat on the wharf is nowhere in sight. The railway station is deserted. A few well-dressed ladies and gentlemen stand on the dock and wave to some of our English passengers. A little later the immigration and cus-

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toms officials come aboard, and a moment afterward a gang of laborers in ragged clothes, led by a man in a service uniform, turns up. Most of the laborers are typical down-and-outers. The sight of them impresses you with the tremendous handicap that a great army of unemployed must be in a labor conflict. These men, many of whom have been without a job for months and possibly years, suddenly find themselves presented with a chance to earn big wages. Nevertheless, I was told later that comparatively few of the men on the dole volunteered as strike breakers. However that may be, the gang at the wharf is large enough to tie up the boat and to unload her, although rather awkwardly and with some delay.

In contrast with this, our passport revision and customs inspection go off smoothly and quickly. The prophecy that I should have difficulty landing in England because I am a special correspondent of a Socialist paper proves false. Possibly the courteous immigration officer who handles my case is really in sympathy with Labor. He asks me jokingly how long I intend to stay; to which I reply in the same vein: 'I'll be only too glad to tell you, if you will let me know how long the strike is going to last.'

At this the official laughs, and without another word hands me the green landing card that every foreigner must have before he treads British soil.

In England. 7.30 P.M. — The well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who waved from the dock are Londoners who have come for their friends with private automobiles. So the transportation problem of a few of our fellow passengers is solved. But that does not help the rest of us, who number a couple of dozen. At length, although it rather goes against my grain, I am obliged to take a non-union bus, which is maintaining an emergency service, for the seventy-five-mile ride to London. Since I could not walk that distance with my luggage, I have perforce sinned against my Party creed. But my punishment is speedy and severe, for it takes five long hours to make the trip, during which I am crowded to suffocation inside the vehicle with an overload of passengers, together with trunks and other luggage. To cap the climax, we have two breakdowns on the way.

London, Wednesday, May 5, 1 A.M. — London has comparatively little night life even in normal times. Consequently it is dangerous to draw conclusions from the appearance of Trafalgar Square at this hour. The hotel porter curtly answers my inquiries: 'Trains?' 'None.' 'Buses?' 'None.' 'Subway trains?' 'None.' 'Taxis?' 'Yes.' 'Banks?' 'Open.' 'Newspapers?' 'None.' 'Postal and telegraph service?' 'Running, but on a limited schedule.'

Wednesday, 9 A.M. — A gray day, like a November morning in Berlin. 'Newspapers' are sold on the streets. One has to fight his way through the crowd to the newsboy to get a copy. Only the *Times.* Ordinarily a big paper of twenty pages, to-day it consists of a single sheet printed on both sides from zincograph plates, and this sheet is about one half the paper's normal dimensions. Its two or three news items, in telegraphic style, indicate that the strike is under full headway. The carefully enumerated exceptions only emphasize this. For what does it mean if a few railway employees in Hull are alleged to have protested against the strike, if a newspaper in York is said to be coming out as usual, and if it is expected to run a train to Hastings or to Leeds at about such and such an hour? The streets, with one striking exception, are as crowded as ever, for, in addition to innumerable

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private automobiles, an unusual number of taxicabs and trucks are in evidence. Traffic runs smoother than usual, for the big auto buses, whose interminable crawling columns ordinarily congest these narrow thoroughfares, have vanished from the scene. To make up for them the number of bicycle riders and pedestrians has multiplied manyfold, for the Underground also is at a standstill. Such trains as are operated by volunteers, and such auto buses as appear here and there in isolated instances, are not a drop in the bucket. Shops, banks, and offices are open, but 'business as usual' is obviously a mere bluff. The strike is on, and has brought the industrial life of the country to a full stop. One can gather that from a mere glance at conditions here in the city.

11 A.M. — 33 *Eccleston Square.* — The headquarters of the Labor Party. This is the regulation designation for the building, which contains the national offices of the Labor Party and the central offices of the trade-unions. But the name is more fitting than ever to-day, for the place resembles an army headquarters, surrounded as it is by a deep circle of automobiles, motor cycles, and hurrying people. One must have a pass to get inside the building. Sentries in civilian clothes, but with red carnations in their buttonholes, examine everyone's credentials. The corridors are thronged by arriving and departing couriers from the city, the suburbs, and more distant places. Labor leaders are confident of success. They are more than satisfied with the response to the strike call.

1 P.M. — Electrical workers have been expressly excepted from the strike, as have all Government employees, including those of the Post Office, who still perform their duties as well as the tie-up of transportation permits. Consequently nobody needs to go without light. We do not have to wait until sunset to discover how important that is, for no sun has been visible all day long, and at 1 P.M. it has suddenly become dark outside, although it is the fifth of May and the days are approaching their greatest length. A London fog has descended on the city and blanketed everything.

5 P.M. — It has lightened up again, and people look a trifle more cheerful. A general reception to newspaper reporters at Eccleston Square. Forty journalists of all Parties and countries meet in a little room, where a veteran trade-union leader, Poulton, reports in a matter-of-fact way what has happened.

6.30 P.M. — The Government receives reporters at Admiralty House. I see here the same journalists who were at Eccleston Square an hour and a half ago. A high Government official reports on the situation. He is just as confident, just as determined, as was the man at the other headquarters — and just as chary of saying anything precise and definite. But after all, these press receptions are a mere matter of form, for no newspapers are being printed.

II

May 10. — We must not think of the British strike leaders and the defenders of the Constitution as sitting in separate camps divided from each other by moats and battlements. They are constantly thrown together in the House of Commons. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Thomas on the one side, and their Conservative and Liberal opponents on the other, still greet each other as good friends. There is no mutual recrimination or bitterness. One can hardly say that there is a shade of coolness between them. I cannot imagine, therefore, that they take a very tragic view of the situation.

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The Labor people in the House of Commons are skillful Parliamentary negotiators. They were not elected to preach revolution and general strikes, and I am certain that negotiations are constantly going on behind the scenes.

Assume, then, that Mr. Baldwin's single stipulation, that the order for a general strike be rescinded, be complied with, and there would remain only the old question of reaching a settlement between the mine workers and the mine operators. That would involve nothing of an abnormal or revolutionary character. And indeed, the whole atmosphere of the corridors of the House is one of expectation of a settlement at any moment. Moreover, it is not alone at Westminster that an observer is conscious of this spirit of tolerance, and even friendship, between the opponents man to man. At the beginning of the trouble on the docks, when the volunteers finished unloading the first cargo of flour the pickets gave them a cheer. When the first train left Victoria Station, eight days ago, driven by a septuagenarian engineer who had hurried back to the service of the company, he waved his hand cheerily at the strikers, who shouted back: 'Go it, old boy!'

At Victoria Park, in the East End of London, I have seen the special constables and the striking workers playing football and drinking tea together. A certain noble lord, when he arrives at the office in the morning, is saluted by striker pickets with a touch of the hat and the usual, 'Good morning, my lord.'

But we must not draw too optimistic inferences from such incidents. They are merely manifestations of the sporting spirit, and prove nothing as to underlying sentiment. Whatever happens, the Government, whether it wants to or not, will be forced to take up pressing reforms much more energetically than it has been inclined to in the past. The Cabinet seems to think that a decision of a court of justice, declaring a general strike illegal under the Trade Disputes Acts, will be enough to prevent a recurrence of such an incident. That idea may prevail in certain upper circles, but the general public does not share it. Again, the Government has promised the workers who stick to their posts that they will be protected from 'victimization by trade-unions,' and that the unions will not be permitted to deprive them of their pensions and the unemployment allowances, to which they are entitled on account of their previous contributions to the union funds. But that implies legislation giving the authorities the right to interfere very decidedly in union management.

Still another point. This morning the Cabinet has debated the delicate question whether the Government is not entitled to compel the million or more people receiving the dole to take the places of strikers during the present crisis. The supreme necessity of defending society might excuse such action. Mr. Churchill said, 'When at war we must act as if we were at war,' in reply to those who criticized him for requisitioning paper for the Government *Gazette*.

Administrative decentralization and corporate privileges may be largely wiped out if the strike is protracted. The civil commissioners that the Government has placed in charge of the eleven English districts and the three Scotch districts, into which Great Britain has been divided for defense against the strikers, have gone about their work as if they were imperial prefects. They have full charge of the volunteers. Of course, they will disappear as soon as the fight is over, but a precedent will have been established, and there is some talk of making it

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permanent so far as the police administration is concerned. To-day the counties and the municipalities act independently to a great extent in maintaining public order. But what might happen, for example, in Durham County, where the local government is Socialist? I have not been able to learn as yet how the authorities there have handled the present crisis.

Whatever may happen, however, big changes are in the air. I look forward to possible radical modifications in the Trade Union Law. Such changes will not occur without considerable friction and unpleasantness, especially as there will undoubtedly be reprisals before things settle down again — reprisals by employers against striking workers, reprisals by unions against strike breakers, and reprisals by trade-unionists against their own lukewarm members. Reports are current that the strikers' committees, angry at having lost their battle at the docks and at seeing great convoys of provisions, a mile or more long, entering Hyde Park every day without interruption, suspect that some of their members have an understanding with the enemy, and are keeping them under sharp watch. Mr. Baldwin remarked to a caller two or three weeks ago: 'Regarded from one angle, England's history is the record of one privileged body after another which has in its day abused the liberality of our laws, and has had to be called to order by the general public. Will the trade-unions have to go through this experience?' That remark of the Premier showed both insight and 'farsight.'

Just now many responsible Englishmen are convinced that the general strike is ultimately due to the activities of Russian agents. They cite several reasons for this opinion. When the Trades Union executives, at a hastily summoned conference last month, without first referring the question to their members, conferred upon the General Council of the Trades Union Congress authority to call a general strike they were following a Moscow precedent. During the last three years the unions and the Labor Party have become identified to an extent that violates their old tradition of mutual independence. I hear much criticism in Government circles of the Commercial Treaty concluded with Russia in 1921 by Lloyd George, as having exposed England to agitatory as well as commercial penetration by the Bolsheviki.

May 12. — This evening I can write definitely. The general strike has failed, and the Labor leaders, whatever they may say, already know it. The Government's machinery, with the people at the throttle, is running more and more efficiently. Food convoys are moving freely everywhere — if not without embarrassment, at least without serious interruption. At Liverpool the dock service has never been entirely interrupted; and long processions of provision trucks continue to leave the London docks. Disorder is growing rarer, although it still flares up here and there. In South Wales, where the miners are temperamentally violent, practically no trouble has occurred. Volunteers and the police are getting along with the strikers more amicably as time goes on, even in the most difficult zones along the Clyde, at Newcastle, at Middlesbrough, and in East London.

The Civil Commissioners, assisted by their provisioning and transport aids, have been able to handle excellently most of the problems entrusted to them. Although three railway accidents accompanied by loss of life occurred Sunday, this is a mere bagatelle compared with the issues at stake.

Special constables serving four hours

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a day are maintaining peace without much difficulty. A great constabulary reserve, which is a distinct organization, has also been formed, and is ready to report for service at any hour of the day or night. This body is virtually the territorial army mobilized with a minimum of military equipment. The Territorials as a whole have not been called out, as that would require a royal proclamation, and it is the plan to keep the King entirely out of the fracas. Furthermore, such a mobilization might introduce certain undesirable elements into the defense force, and it would take valuable volunteers away from more important duties. Practically the whole regular army has been concentrated at certain strategical points — the danger zones just mentioned. Troops have not had to interfere, however, except on the Clyde and on the Tyne; and I cannot learn that they were obliged to employ arms even there. So far all disorders have been repressed either by a mere show of force or by the use of the constables' billies.

At the head of the Government's organization is a quadrumvirate of four Cabinet Ministers — Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Lord Birkenhead. The other Ministers are merely executive agents. In this quadrumvirate Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead are the aggressive element, and Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain are the moderating influence. It is no exaggeration to say that these four gentlemen have the nation behind them. The universal confidence in Mr. Baldwin's honesty and uprightness is a tower of strength for constitutional government. In short, the defense plan elaborated by the Cabinet nine months ago has worked admirably. Everything has been anticipated — even, in case of need, transferring the seat of government to a city of West England. But none of the radical measures provided for in a last resort has been necessary.

Now for a glimpse of the other side of the barricades. The numerous committees in charge of the Labor forces afford the picture — if the word is not too strong — of a big bear garden. Most of these committees are crowded together at Eccleston Square. Unity of location they have, but unity of counsel they lack. The more I learn of the situation the more clearly I realize that the general strike was not called by any single responsible body. It was not the deliberate act of a cool, calculating, well-organized group that knew what it wanted, and how to gain its objectives. For the past seven months the Labor forces have been trying to organize a General Headquarters Staff. When negotiations between the miners and their employers reached a critical stage they thought they saw a chance to bulldoze the Cabinet. Extremists like Mr. Cook and Mr. Purcell managed to set the strike machine in motion against the will of its regular engineers. Once started, no one knows how to stop it, although everybody but the extremists is eager to do so.

If no single responsible body called the strike, much less does any united group of men manage it; nor, so far as I can learn, is there anyone on the Labor side who has authority to stop it. The actual conduct of the strike is in the hands of the National Joint Council, consisting of nineteen delegates representing the Trades Union Congress, the Labor members of Parliament, and the Executive Committee of the Labor Party. But this committee of nineteen, which is in immediate charge of the strike, is careful to throw the responsibility for everything that is done upon the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, which

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consists of thirty-two members and which technically called the strike. The National Joint Council says, whenever anything is to be done: 'Here is what ought to be done, subject to the condition that you, gentlemen of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress who have called the strike, are of the same opinion.' One can easily conceive what vacillation and uncertainty result from this dualism.

But there is still another complication in both the Joint Council and the General Council. A majority of each body consists of moderate men who are opposed to the strike. Extremists like Mr. Purcell and other friends of the Bolsheviki are very rare. That explains why the strike leaders have never been able to define their programme in a public manifesto to the country.

When the power to call a general strike was conferred upon the Executive Committee of the Trades Union Congress last month by a hastily summoned conference of the executives of the different unions, it appears that some of the latter took this action without previously consulting the members of their respective organizations. In doing so they violated the constitution of those bodies. This has made a big row within the ranks. No one dares to call a second conference of trade-union executives in the midst of the crisis, and yet it is impossible to decide who else actually has authority to stop the strike.

Notwithstanding this, many Labor leaders believe that an immediate truce is necessary in order to save the trade-unions and the Party. They also wish to stop the strike because that means for them a reassertion of their authority and the maintenance of discipline among the rank and file. They really regard the strike, called as it was against their own better judgment and their orders, as an outlaw strike, a mutiny, a wild man's enterprise. It thus results, paradoxical as it may seem, that the continuance of the strike really served the interests of the Government and the constitutional Party, and that its prompt calling off may spell the salvation of the Labor organization.

YIELDING PLACE

BY DAVID CLEGHORN THOMSON

[*London Mercury*]

THEY are building a new bridge over the river,
And the sweet air is full all day
Of the noise of riveting hammers
And cranes toiling away.

All day the old men from the village
Stand agape, with listless eyes,
On the old bridge, which has lasted their time,
Watching the framework rise.

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THE FASCIST LEGEND[1]

BY AN ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT

THE echoes of the grandiose journey of Signor Mussolini to Tripoli have not yet died down, and already one hears here and there the question, What next? The Duce is never short of new surprises, and the Italian citizen rising from his bed in the morning never knows with what extraordinary spectacle he may be entertained before sunset. The imagination of the man is a truly powerful one, his resources inexhaustible, his energies marvelous. He must be living in a constant atmosphere of excitement. He thinks in, and speaks of, battles — the battle of the lira, the battle of the corn, the battle of the silk, the battle of the colonies, and so on. He is never at peace with anybody or anything, not even with himself. Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep; so did the Ancient Mariner; so did Julian the Apostate in Swinburne's glorious lines. But Mussolini's blessings are only for the 'sleepless and perilous' life. He keeps his people in a permanent state of high fever, so that, as things are, one may reasonably expect a collapse should the thermometer descend even one degree. But will it do so? And if so, when and how? These are the questions which naturally occur to the observer who sets himself to study the interesting phenomenon of Fascist Italy; and, unfortunately, they are just the questions most difficult to answer.

Forecasts are always unsafe, especially in politics. In 1857 Emerson wrote that the child was then not yet living whose grandchildren would see the abolition of slavery in America. He saw it himself six years later. Mussolini predicted that Fascism will last at least sixty years. It may be so. It may not. Fascism has apparently nothing to fear. Its power is overwhelming. It has captured everybody and everything, reduced the monarchy to a phantom, destroyed all political parties, practically abolished Parliament and the press, suppressed the small communes, Fascistized the Army, the Navy, the schools, the judiciary. All is Fascist, even the law, and that is monstrous. There is no longer any organized body in Italy, even nonpolitical and noneconomic, a body, say, cultural, scientific, or social, which has not been branded with the mark of Fascism. You find this mark everywhere — on the money you spend, in the tram you ride in, in the office you enter, in the restaurant you dine at, in the music you hear, on the toys that you buy for your children. The very air you breathe must be Fascist. If you are not Fascist you are not Italian, you cannot teach, plead, write, or in any way earn your living. Foolish and incredible as all this must seem, yet it is the simple truth, and one does not wonder, under the circumstances, at the daily boast of Mussolini and his followers that Fascismo is as solid as a rock.

Yet there are rocks in the Alps which, if you put your ear close against them, will let you hear a vague and dim murmur. Invisible waters corroding the

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *May* 8

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rocks. And if you put your ear close to this heavy rock suffocating Italian life you may hear in a like way a murmur which, in the long run, may prove as corrosive as the invisible waters of the Alps. Mussolini is never tired of proclaiming, particularly when speaking to foreigners, that he governs not only with force but also with the consent of the people. As a matter of fact, if he really enjoyed the sincere consent of the majority of his people he would have no need of force. The truth, then, must be the opposite — that, in spite of appearances, he has not the consent of which he boasts. The reason why he has destroyed every organization is just because he must prevent this widespread, though invisible, spirit of skepticism and distrust having the means of mixing and coagulating.

Take the Church. It is said that Mussolini has notably improved the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican, and that the Church follows his experiment sympathetically. Now, the only truth in this statement is that the Vatican, quite logically, accepts from Fascism all that it offers, without coming to any compromise. Mussolini has reintroduced the crucifix in the schools, has encouraged religious teaching, and has himself given evidence of devotion to the Church. The Vatican is pleased with all this, but what has it given in return? Nothing. It is always Mussolini who is courting the Vatican, and not the Vatican Mussolini. The Vatican pursues, as always, an intelligent and long-sighted policy. It has its man in the Cabinet — Signor Federzoni, Minister of the Interior. Signor Federzoni comes from the Nationalist, not the Fascist, ranks. He is a cultured man, very able, a subtle diplomat of the old school, and a devout Catholic who attends Mass every morning before reaching his Ministry. He is dear to the Jesuits, and to the Vatican. But Federzoni is suspected by the Fascists because, as Minister of the Interior, he wants the Prefects to obey him and not the Rasses, as the Fascist chieftains in the provinces are called. This was the reason of his long feud with Farinacci, the firebrand late general secretary of the Fascist Party. But when the moment came to make a choice, Mussolini had to sacrifice Farinacci and keep Federzoni, because, although it is said that personally the Premier has no particular weakness for his Minister of the Interior, Federzoni is the long arm of the Vatican.

It is said that the Pope, coming from an ultraconservative Lombard family, has a certain liking for the present régime. This is quite possible. But his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, is notoriously anti-Fascist, and as such has been repeatedly attacked in certain Fascist papers. In the College of Cardinals there are dignitaries of the Church, like Cardinal Maffi of Pisa, who know what Fascism really is, and who have seen with their own eyes some of its doings. Besides, the great majority of the priests in the cities and in the country, particularly in the North, are hostile. The Catholics in the countryside have suffered at the hands of the Fascists, just as much as the Socialists. Don Minzoni, the murdered curate of Argenta, is to the Catholics what Matteotti is to the Socialists. Nor has anybody forgotten the devastation of the Catholic clubs and coöperatives in the North, after the elections of April 1924, when the Catholic districts were punished for not having voted for the Fascist list.

Again, take the workmen and peasants. Nobody thinks that they have spontaneously abandoned their Red or White leagues in order to enter the Fascist corporations. Nobody can believe that they keep within them loyally. The truth is that both work-

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men and peasants have for two years been terrorized, and that they now keep quiet, and are apparently satisfied, only because their economic conditions are not bad. The industrialists, agrarians, and financiers are, naturally, the classes more sincerely favorable to the régime, but not all of them are blind to what will probably be its ultimate consequences, and many would have preferred that Mussolini, even while ruling with a strong hand and protecting the interests of production, should have respected the Constitution and not overstepped certain limits.

The resistance to Fascism, be it but a passive one, is widespread above all among the intellectual and professional classes. Here too it is easy to be deceived by appearances. Take the schools: professors must give the Roman salute, must exalt before their pupils the glories and hopes of Fascism, must pledge themselves faithfully to serve the régime. Yet among the professors those who are sincerely Fascist form but a small minority. Recently the professors of philosophy held a congress in Milan, and there they held a theoretical discussion of free thought. The conference was immediately broken up by order of the Prefect because only three professors were found to oppose to the theory of free thought that of Fascism. Take the press. All the newspapers are Fascist, but they interpret public opinion to such a small extent that nobody reads them. Their circulation is steadily decreasing. The consumption of Italian home-made newsprint — that is, papers — has fallen off some two hundred tons a month. As there are no longer any Opposition papers, many buy foreign journals, whose sale in Italy has never been so large. This is especially true of the French papers. As to journalists, the fact is worth mentioning that at their National Congress, held in Palermo at the end of 1924, a resolution for the freedom of the press was passed with acclamation, there being only two opposers. The lawyers, again, in their Congresses in Turin and Trieste, passed votes in support of the independence of the judiciary, showing that the majority of them are far from disposed to accept the Fascist conception of justice. The regular army was certainly not Fascist up to two years ago, when it looked upon the irregular army of the Black Shirts as a rival. But since Mussolini has taken up also the portfolio of War, and has become War Minister, and, above all, since he has increased the allowances of the officers, things have changed. At least there is now more discretion displayed in the officers' messes.

Discretion, prudence, reserve, silence, simulation, dissimulation — these are the chief virtues of the régime, and their effect may, indeed, be such as to justify the legend that the whole population of Italy is heart and soul with Fascism. The truth is that many thousands of ex-service men who, after the war, found themselves faced with the necessity of keeping body and soul together threw themselves into Fascism just as they would have thrown themselves into Bolshevism provided their immediate daily needs were satisfied. The truth is that Fascism has logically the support, in some cases with certain reservations, of the capitalist classes; that its ranks have been swollen by the syndicalists and other extremists who left the Social Reformist Party in 1915 and followed Mussolini in his militarist and nationalist evolution; and that there is, last but not least, a sort of general *embellissement*, due to a vain and exasperated nationalism. But, as I said before, it would be a mistake to judge the phenomenon from its surface appearances and to believe that Fascism has the spontaneous, and

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therefore reliable, support of the great majority of the Italian population.

Fascism is to a great extent made up of many of these legends, which only time will gradually dispel. The legend that Fascism was responsible for the wave of economic prosperity has already been shaken. Fascism indeed had only a very small share in determining the favorable conditions created for Italian commercial expansion. When Mussolini assumed power in October 1922 the so-called Bolshevist crisis had already been overcome. The strike mania had passed, so that the last political strike foolishly ordered by the Socialists in the summer of that year had ended in a great fiasco. Order was being reëstablished everywhere. The statesmen and journalists of every country who passed one or two months in Genoa in the spring of 1922 for the famous international conference will remember that all the Italian public services were then working regularly, and that Italy, even without the Fascist Government, was reassuming its normal life. The Fascists seized power in October 1922, and since then, preventing strikes by force, and obliging the workmen and peasants to work on conditions favorable to the masters and agrarians, have undoubtedly helped to favor productive energies. This is the only contribution that may be credited to them, and even this would have been of doubtful effect if other and more real causes of economic prosperity had not been in operation.

Italian industry, having been protected by heavy customs tariffs so that it could exploit the home market at the expense of the national consumer, has notably developed its export trade during the last three years because, firstly, of the depreciation of the lira which allowed foreigners to buy in Italy cheaper than in other countries, and, secondly, the low wages of the Italian workmen which permitted Italian manufacturers to produce at a cost lower than that of other countries. But now that these causes have partly, or wholly, ceased to exist or operate we see that Italian industry, in spite of Fascism, has entered a crisis which is becoming more and more serious every day. A communiqué of an official agency recently gave the disquieting news that there had been a notable falling-off in the export trade during the first three months of this year, in comparison with the corresponding three months of 1925, that the silk, cotton, and woolen industries were particularly depressed, and that very serious difficulties were being encountered by the metallurgical, mechanical, and chemical industries. The reasons given for the crisis by the official agency were, firstly, that, owing to the French franc and the Belgian franc having depreciated more than the lira, those who yesterday bought in Italy now find it more convenient to buy in France and Belgium; secondly, that, in order to meet this competition, the Italian manufacturers would have to lower the cost of production, but this they could not do because the wages of the Italian workmen are already so low that further reduction is impossible; thirdly, that the Germans are again showing their activity on the world's markets; fourthly, that almost everywhere high tariff barriers, which obstruct Italian commercial expansion, have been erected.

During the last three or four years, moreover, the Italian industrialists, imagining that they were about to conquer the world, tied up enormous sums of money — several billion lire every year — in new plants, machinery, and other expenses. The capitals of the various undertakings have been thus continually increased, and Italian industry has now swollen like the frog

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in the fable of Æsop. The consequences of all this are now beginning to be seen. The situation is finally aggravated by the cost of living, which is becoming higher and higher, having risen from 493 per cent of the 1913 level in 1923 to 650 per cent this year; by the heavy taxation — sixteen per cent income tax; and by the increase in public expenditure. The internal public debt has risen from ninety-one billion in June 1925 to 92.7 billion in February 1926. The note circulation has risen from 196 billion in 1923 to 214 billion at the end of 1925. The purchasing power of the lira has gone down from twenty-five centesimi in 1924 to twenty centesimi. The Fascist Government, which in the first three years had made economies, has lately been spending lavishly, and now a great many schemes are on foot for improving and embellishing the cities, for making Rome as imposing as it was at the time of Augustus, for public works, and so on. Where will the money come from? Professor Giorgio Mortara, in his publication, *Economic Prospects for 1926*, clearly says that 'one must not rely too much on the development of the income of the State.' What is important is economy. 'We have reached a point where it seems urgent to stop all this increase in public expenditure.' In short, the legend that Fascism has created great prosperity in the country is now being destroyed by the facts.

COMPANIONS

BY Æ

[*Irish Statesman*]

WHY do I see in this still light
The Psyche of the City rise?
Is mine own psyche plumed for air,
And shall that follow to the skies?

A Phantom trembles in the hills,
In woodland and in waters blue,
Whose voice is lovely in my ear,
'Come, we shall fly afar with you,

'Fly to an island on the air
Where we may stay our delicate fire,
And the Gold-gleaming Genius weave
From us thy Land of Heart's Desire.'

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VASSAL AMERICA[1]

BY JOAQUÍN EDWARDS BELLO

[THE following article is a selection from this well-known Chilean publicist's recent book, *El nationalismo continental.*]

MUTUAL hatred embitters the people of Chile and Peru as they contemplate a plebiscite to decide which nation shall own Tacna and Arica. All Latin America is agitated over that issue. Yet we never hear a whisper of protest against the alienation to foreign Powers of our nitrate deposits, of our tin and copper mines, of our electric power, or even against mortgaging to them our customs revenues. Some of us, however, who have learned to think racially and, if I may coin the word, continentally, refuse to lose our heads over whether Tacna and Arica shall belong to Peru or to Chile. We believe that our tin, our copper, our nitrates, and control of our water power are more important than those desert provinces. Yet Chile has spent millions of money and untold energy to win the plebiscite at the very time when she was surrendering her tin, her copper, and her nitrate deposits to foreigners.

What is it that makes our America a vassal country? First of all, her intense parochialism, which begets a certain pettiness of mind. North America, disciplined and united, assimilates and moulds into an instrument of victory all the talent that enters her gates. Many a man of Spanish, Italian, or Hebrew blood — rechristened perchance in order to identify himself more fully with the nation whose lot he has chosen to share — is to-day a typical champion of North American progress. Yet had Thomas Edison been born in our midst, he probably would never have risen above keeping a shop to sell electric bulbs. The person who becomes a superman in North America degenerates to impotence in South America, either through dissipation or through a self-centred individualism begotten of our political lassitude and lack of social fibre. What South America needs is morale and a sentiment of justice. Lincoln was great because he stood for patriotism, authority, and morale. Those are the qualities that have made the United States a sun, a central luminary, around which our Latin republics revolve like satellites.

Latin America includes eighteen republics separated from each other by frontier posts, customhouses, and Chinese walls of prejudice. Though endowed with greater natural wealth and a population approaching that of the United States, they are merely the peones of the international community. Though they have been independent for a century, and though they were neutral during the last war, they continue to live by begging loans abroad and waiting for civilization to overtake them. They contribute nothing but raw materials to the industries of the world — and nothing whatever to science.

As a result, the so-called liberty of

[1] From *Repertorio Americano* (San José Latin-American weekly), *April* 17

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the Ibero-American natives is a fiction. Nicaragua, for example, is Brown Brothers' Republic. General Crowder is a Yankee Chief of Police for Cuba. The people of North America have studied our psychology shrewdly and coolly. They call our nations 'banana republics.' They speak of our country as 'mañana land.'

Rome bought Greece and assimilated the barbarians. The United States is buying Europe and assimilating barbarous America. Those of us Ibero-Americans who kept our heads during the World War realized at once that it marked a European revolution, the beginning of the end of things as they were, and we foresaw then that we should speedily fall into the hands of new masters.

Let us survey this problem in its Chilean aspects. Our Government plays the part of a broker, who brings together the nation's natural resources and foreign capital, and hastens to alienate our economic independence. Yankees have bought for a mere bagatelle the copper mines of Rancagua, which are among the richest in the world. They employed seven of our leading lawyers to defend their interests. They used these Chileans for one specific service — to keep the Government from putting an export tax on copper. In this way the Yankees have made profits running up into the hundreds of millions of pesos a year. They now control our two chief copper deposits, El Teniente and Chuquicamata. If Chile had levied even a very small export tax on copper during the World War, she would have no foreign debt to-day. Thus the nation's welfare has been sacrificed to enrich a few attorneys.

That is what always happens. For example, the company supplying electricity to Santiago has been transferred from German to British ownership to help pay Germany's war debt to England. Yet Chile, a free and sovereign State, had been neutral throughout the war. Our tramways, telephones, railways, and mines, though largely owned by foreigners, regularly retain Chilean attorneys to secure special privileges contrary to the interests of the Chilean people. Our tin mines, which were formerly owned by Chileans, have recently passed into the hands of New York capitalists. Nitrate is no longer a domestic product. Its very name is pronounced in the English manner — not *nitrato*, but 'natreit.' The attorney who transferred the latter industry to British hands, largely because its old owners feared a labor conflict, received a million for his services. To-day the chief sources of wealth in Chile are under the protection of foreign cannon, in order that the capitalists who own them may feel safe.

Not long ago the Government of the United States conveyed to England an intimation that it might feel compelled to take reprisals for the monopoly exercised by that country over certain raw materials, including Chilean nitrates, whose prices were fixed by their British owners. That intimation, addressed to the British Empire by Mr. Hoover last November, threw a lurid light upon Chile's loss of sovereignty over one of her basic resources.

The railway across the Andes, one of the most expensive pieces of engineering in the world, is English. When we take a tram, use a telephone, turn on an electric light, or buy an article in a shop, we pay tribute to some English capitalist who is drinking his afternoon tea or playing polo in the British Isles; or else we help to meet the cost of a Yankee tourist's trip around the world.

Harrod's, the biggest shop in Santiago, is English. The ranches of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are

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owned by Britishers, who pay practically no taxes, because they employ our best Chilean attorneys to handle things for them with our Government. Santiago, our capital, has many rich residents who have made their fortunes from such retainers. Naturally these men stand together, and their solidarity renders them practically immune from attack or criticism. If the press, the only instrument that has any influence with our public, did not constantly intervene — often at its own peril — to prevent the most presumptuous of these usurpations, our vampire Judases would already have sold the very last remnants of our birthright to England and the United States. The existence of foreign banks in every Latin-American country, and the rapid absorption of our native banks by these institutions, is but the capstone of the system.

But if such conditions are true of Chile, what shall we say of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia, and other countries whose national conscience is still more callous. In Peru, as in Nicaragua, the customhouses and the post offices have passed under the control of foreigners. Such is the showing our countries make before the world — republics that our vaunting orators call 'the lion's cubs.'

But let no one imagine that our vassalage is solely financial. To-day North America's diplomatic representatives exercise jurisdiction over our republics as actually as ever did the Roman consuls and prefects over Judea or Tripoli in the days of the Empire. Step by step, together with the millions of dollars that have been advanced to 'the lion's cubs,' has gone extension of political control. This has been shown during the last few years by several striking incidents. For example, when Chile conceived the silly idea of holding a skeleton mobilization and general manœuvres, with Peru as the assumed enemy, President Wilson, then on board a steamer bound for France, dispatched to our Executive Mansion a curt and peremptory note cautioning us against doing so. When the arbiters appointed by the Washington Government to decide a boundary dispute between Panama and Costa Rica had decided in favor of the latter country, and Panama exhibited a little too warmly her indignation and disappointment, the American Government coolly notified her that it would permit no disorders of any kind within her territories.

One of the latest instances of this kind occurred in Mexico toward the close of President Obregón's Administration, when his political enemies organized a revolution in the northern part of the Republic and started to march upon the capital. That imprudent adventure was promptly squelched with a strong hand, partly because General Obregón was an able officer, but largely because he was backed by the United States. When the rebellion started, the Washington State Department announced emphatically, 'We don't want any more revolutions in Latin America' — and promptly dispatched heavy consignments of modern war materials to the Mexican President.

Coming back to Chile's problems, I venture to prophesy that whatever President Coolidge finally makes up his mind to do in regard to Tacna and Arica will be promptly accepted because of the all-powerful sanction behind it.

The dollar is the precursor of political control. It is thus that the United States extends its power, while refusing to compromise itself in the League of Nations. This was admirably expressed by Señor Yáñez, the Chilean delegate at Geneva, when he said, 'The United States refuses to intervene in Europe in order that, when the occasion arises,

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Europe may not intervene in America.' That is the situation in a nutshell. The Monroe Doctrine, which triumphed with Roosevelt, destroyed Wilson. The American nation is Janus-faced — Wilson for export, and Roosevelt for home consumption. We may be sure that Wilson will be resurrected, if only for a few hours, the day that any plebiscite is held in Tacna and Arica, in order to flatter the pacifism of our democracies. But the presence of the Latin-American republics at Geneva should not give us any illusions so long as the United States is not a member.

Wilson was a check without funds for the expansionist spirit of North America; and his signature was promptly repudiated by the Senate. Roosevelt, with his Bull Moose aggressiveness, was a better symbol of his country. He copied the policies of the Hapsburgs in Panama, and then told the Senate, snapping out his words, baring his teeth, and clenching his fist, 'I took Panama.' He was of Dutch descent, but neither Holland nor the Transvaal has produced a statesman like him. This goes to show that we may see at some future date a Yankee emperor bearing the name of Pérez.

Having no active part in the war of 1914, the Ibero-American republics, whose situation was exceptional by reason of their natural wealth and sparse population, have fallen into a state of involuntary vassalage, just as have Portugal, Hungary, and Poland. They invite — I might almost say they welcome with open arms — exploitation by foreigners. Wherever we go and whatever we do, we natives of the land pay tribute to the stranger. Truly great nations are governed for the welfare of their own citizens, and particularly for the welfare of their middle classes. Their people protest promptly, vigorously, and effectively when anyone trespasses upon their rights. In France the laws actually discriminate against the foreigner, and the Government's constant and supreme solicitude is to promote the general well-being of its citizens. Between 1914 and 1919 the Treasury spent three billion francs to keep the price of bread down to sixty centimes. Operas and other places of entertainment, museums and parks, and whatever helps to make life agreeable, are placed within the reach of all. The average workingman, the housemaid, the coachman, the laborer, drink half a bottle of wine with their meals. In contrast with this, the Chilean laborer is bereft of every amenity of life. In his scheme of existence alcohol takes the place of refinements and pleasures. Consequently our *rotos*, disinherited, oppressed, vicious, and degenerate, surrender the country passively to the triumphant foreigner. What better could we expect of a Government which encourages a sort of inverse law of natural selection, to breed the unfittest?

Our Ibero-American nations will never be free and independent, they will never be able to call themselves real democracies, until they have formed an economic and social bloc against Europe and the United States. Unless we do this we shall all succumb sooner or later. We shall sink to the level of our day laborers; we shall become the serfs of the Great Powers; and our posterity will have to endure the stigma and the injustice that we shall have bequeathed them by our folly and improvidence. But if we can unite, we shall be invulnerable and masters of our wealth and our own destinies. Thus only can we enjoy the respect and honor of the world.

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A DAY IN THE JUNGLE[1]

BY C. R. KELLOGG

In the lives of us all certain days stand out with a distinctness that time cannot dim, and one such came to us not long ago when on a short hunting trip in a South China jungle. Tiger hunting might have been given as the reason for our being there, though as a matter of fact, unfortunately or fortunately as the case might be, the tiger element did not enter very deeply into the situation.

To get to this particular spot we had come by boat and on foot a distance of some thirty-five miles, but as the crow flies we could not have been more than twenty-five miles from Foochow, a city teeming with nearly a million souls. The boat trip of some fifteen miles had been made at night and, with the exception of our having been run down by a large junk and nearly upset in the inky blackness, had been without special interest. The overland trip, on the contrary, was full of fascination and absorbing interest, as it was made in the daytime, and Nature had seemingly planned in every way to make it a perfect day.

The first part of the journey lay over an irregular stone road that wound tortuously through low-lying fields of rich black soil, where things were growing luxuriantly in spite of the fact that it was the latter part of January. The winding canals were marked by low spreading orange trees, whose bases were heaped high with mud that had been brought with prodigious labor from the bottoms of the canals and ponds, while in the fields the rice plants had given way to trim rows of carefully tended vegetables or patches of golden rape in full bloom.

Birds common to the fields about Foochow were abundant here. The common magpie and his larger cousin, the white-necked crow, hopped about the fields, or flapped noisily from tree to tree; wagtails minced daintily through the lowland places, picking out insect larvæ from the wayside puddles; while the daurian redstart and gray-headed bunting, both winter visitors from North China, flitted nervously about in the low bushes at the roadside, adding a most interesting touch of color and life to a day already perfect in every respect.

Soon the trail left the valley and followed the bed of a rushing, roaring mountain stream, changing the scenery and life. The level fields gave way to hills covered with low shrubbery in which might be distinguished the Chinese 'gooseberry' and the wild tea-oil plant. The sweet gum and candleberry trees, both decked in their bright red winter coats, stood along the hillsides, and at their feet were the wild azaleas, bare now, but only awaiting the touch of spring to open into a burst of crimson glory.

The bird life too was different. Along the edge of the stream the plumbeous water redstart darted from one wet rock to another, its ever-flitting rufous tail standing out in strong contrast to the dusky slate of the body. The tiny

[1] From the *China Journal of Arts and Sciences* (Shanghai English-language scientific monthly), *February*

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kingfisher sat motionless on a branch overhanging the water or darted swiftly over the stream, while now and then its larger and more beautiful cousins, the white-breasted kingfisher and the black-capped kingfisher, flew past, beautifully arrayed in turquoise green and cobalt blue, respectively. Only once did we see the striking pied-kingfisher, conspicuously spotted black and white, as it poised over the stream, wings aflutter, ready to drop like a plummet on any fish that might venture too near the surface; but the sight of this handsome fellow alone was worth the whole trip. From the quieter pools along the stream the pond heron and egret rose lazily from the water's edge and flapped awkwardly into near-by trees; while turtledoves, frightened at our approach, winged their way to safety. It was indeed a day in which Nature was in one of her pleasantest moods and willing to show her treasures to any sympathetic observer.

Several days were spent in this little valley, and we grew to love the place. A busy stream, clear and swift, teeming with fish and attracting birds to its shaded banks, wound its way through the centre of the valley. The paddy fields along the foothills, some bearing their winter crops of horse beans, rape, or wheat, others bare in their winter's rest, with the high mountains, sparingly wooded in a few places but for the most part bare, towering eighteen hundred or two thousand feet above them, all made a picture never to be forgotten. Not the least pleasing part of the scene was the little villages tucked away in protecting ravines of the hills, shaded by immense banyan or camphor trees and flanked by the ever-present jungle, out of which altogether too often creep tigers and other marauding creatures.

The day after our arrival we secured a guide to lead us out to the jungle where a man-eating tiger was supposed to be lurking, and after directing us to the most likely spot he turned over to us the goat he had been leading and hastily left us. We tied the bleating goat to a bush in an open spot and then settled ourselves into the long grass to await the appearance of the tiger. The day was cloudy, but warm and balmy, casting a drowsy spell over us in spite of the fact that we were in the territory of the famous 'Blue Tiger,' and aside from cramped muscles, from long sitting in one position, we were quite comfortable.

We were on the edge of the jungle, and a bit of its life was revealed to us. Twitterings and low calls arose from clumps of bushes, telling of the presence of the reed warbler, and after a while, curiosity getting the better of caution, the tiny feathered creatures appeared, darting from grass clump to grass clump, disappearing and reappearing with great alacrity, and making with their wings the curious snapping sound so peculiar to them. Presently several gorgeous blue magpies, resplendent in their sky-blue coats and red bills and feet, screamed from the low trees on the mountain-side or sailed calmly across the ravine, their long barred tails streaming tremulously behind. Red-backed shrikes, perched on the topmost twigs of the shrubs or tips of the jungle grass, scolded and chattered back and forth, doubtless keeping watch over the larder near by containing locusts or lizards impaled on the thorns. Bulbuls, traveling in small flocks, chattered and fluttered about in the low bushes, seldom descending to the ground. Every once in a while a black-eared kite glided silently across the ravine, looking for prey that was disabled or that could be taken unawares; and the moment the shadow of this archenemy of the little folk of the jungle appeared all life disappeared as if by magic — not a bird could be seen, and not the

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slightest noise or sign of life remained, where a moment before all was life and nervous activity. As the shadow disappeared, gradually the scoldings and twitterings were renewed, tiny birds reappeared from clumps of grass and shrubs, and the stream of jungle life was once more renewed, only to disappear again at the recurrence of the shadow.

Every snapping of a twig, each rustling of the blades of grass, every sighing of the wind through the stiff coarse reeds, caused us, hearts palpitating, to look sharply about us, half expecting to see a striped cat creep out of the jungle grass and charge the inexperienced hunters huddled behind the brush screen. Knowing the habits of the reed warblers and bulbuls, each time a loud chattering or scolding arose from the hillside we would suddenly start, expecting to see the birds following the prowling tiger as is their wont, flying at him, pecking at his flanks, and scolding at the top of their voices. As the long afternoon wore away, however, it became apparent that Old Stripes was either away from his kill of two days previous, or else was not hungry and could not be tempted by our goat.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a party of woodcutters appeared across the ravine on the opposite mountainside, talking and shouting to keep off any possible prowlers. In a region where man-eating tigers are at work all the time, and where woodcutters disappear mysteriously week by week, it pays to be careful. Soon the woodcutters left — for they realize that after mid-afternoon any mountain trail through the jungle is likely to harbor a striped prowler, freshly awakened from his sleep and with a gnawing appetite to appease. With the departure of the woodcutters quiet again reigned in the jungle, and the afternoon wore on toward its close.

Just before dark is the most wonderful time to be in the jungle. Then there comes a hush to all sounds and everything is quiet. There is then no chattering of the birds, no scolding from the treetops, or darting to and fro in the clumps of grass. A deathlike stillness, almost portentous, pervades the jungle, and there are no signs of living creatures, only the rustling of the wind through the coarse grass.

From away down in the valley below sounds were wafted to us faintly as in a dream. We heard as from a different world the sounds of men, and they seemed to have no connection with us in our seclusion — theirs a world of activity, and ours a world of repose and tranquillity. The lowing of the cattle returning from the grassy hills, the barking of the dogs, the crowing of the cocks, and the voices of people, all came muffled to our retreat on the hillside to remind us of the life and activities of men, now seemingly so far from us. In the jungle a hush had fallen on everything. No longer were there chatterings or scoldings from the brush, and the silent clumps of grass and low bushes were apparently deserted of all life. Nature seemed to be quietly sleeping — resting perhaps — before awakening — to the mysterious activities of the night life in the jungle.

The breeze freshened, and a cold wind, presaging the rapid approach of night, began to blow down the ravine. A belated turtledove winged his way silently but with lightninglike speed into the ravine, to alight with a subdued whir in a near-by dead tree to spend the night. Here in the semitropics the shadows of night descend rapidly, so at the first sign of the approaching darkness we stretched our cramped limbs, untied the shivering goat, and hurried out of the jungle.

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PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. VII[1]

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

I DO not know whether the telegrams Major Maori wrote out when he was arrested in Chita were dispatched to their destination, or simply filed with the papers in the case, but five or six days later a telegram came from our War Minister, General Sukhomlinoff, ordering us to release the fellow and to return him his documents. This order was immediately obeyed, except that we kept the plans of the railway, which I later sent to our General Staff at Petrograd. The military authorities at Chita naturally protested against letting Maori go, and photographed every document they found in his possession before it was returned to him. In fact, they decided to bring a formal charge of espionage against him notwithstanding their instructions from higher up, and to place him on trial before a military tribunal. This action started an endless exchange of notes between the two Governments, which continued until the outbreak of the World War and then stopped.

I was convinced that Major Maori had bought these plans from Mr. G——, the chief construction engineer of the Transbaikal Railway at Irkutsk. We learned that this man had visited the Japanese brothel the night before the Major left, and discovered afterward that Maori had stopped at Omsk for twenty-four hours on his way from Petrograd to Irkutsk and had procured the plans of the western section of the railway at that time. We had previously learned that Mr. G—— also was living above his means. He spent large sums every night carousing in bars, music halls, and brothels. But our closest observation of his movements showed no more than that he was spending money lavishly on wine and women. We were unable at the time to learn of any direct communication between him and the Japanese spies in the city. Later we discovered, through Miamura's talks with Lieutenant M——, that he had his dealings with the Japanese in the brothel just mentioned. Upon presenting proofs of the fact he was promptly removed from his post. At Omsk we suspected a draftsman who became suddenly rich and had resigned his position, but we were not able to present sufficient evidence of his treason to convict him.

Miamura remained at Irkutsk about a month. At times he drank so much vodka that he could not return to his own lodging and slept at the Lieutenant's. When sober he was silent and reserved, but when intoxicated he talked constantly.

A few days before he left Irkutsk he arrived at Lieutenant M——'s room already under the influence of liquor and started to describe a plan he had of giving lessons in Japanese to Russian officers of the Intelligence Division. He thought this an exceedingly bright scheme. First of all, he could learn a good deal of interest directly from the officers themselves. In the second place, he thought he could persuade the offi-

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cers to give him some Japanese documents to translate. Last of all, he planned to feed up the officers with false information about Japanese espionage service in Siberia, and thus put the Russians on the wrong track. He also talked a good deal about the Intelligence Department at Port Arthur, which was training agents for spy service in several foreign countries, and boasted a great deal about what these men would be able to accomplish.

A few days after this conversation my agents reported that Miamura was sitting in a little drinking place called The Volga, not far from the building occupied by our military map division. It was a place to which officers and soldiers employed in that department frequently resorted. Miamura engaged in conversation with one of these soldiers and parted from him on very friendly terms. That same night we learned from Miamura's conversation with Lieutenant M—— all the details of this talk. The spy wanted to get several maps prepared from the latest surveys made by our topographers. The man who had been supplying such maps to him had completed his term of service in the army and had returned home, and Miamura was looking for someone to take his place. That had been the reason for his visit to the restaurant. His new acquaintance had told him that the maps he desired were still in the process of drafting and would not be printed for three or four months. He added that it would be impossible for him to get them anyway, for such papers were now carefully guarded, that Cossack sentries were posted around the machinery and in all parts of the building while maps were being printed, and that every piece of paper used was numbered and accounted for.

Miamura concluded his relation of these events to Lieutenant M—— by saying that he had made up his mind to come back to Irkutsk nevertheless, and to get the maps he wanted even if it took several months.

'In spite of the Cossacks?' the Lieutenant asked.

Miamura laughed and said: 'The Cossacks are there only while the work is being done. Then they leave with the rest of the employees. What is to prevent my getting into the place with my own paper and printing my own map from their plates? It won't be as fine a piece of workmanship, but it will be quite sufficient for our purpose.'

At a farewell supper which the two had together in Lieutenant M——'s room just before Miamura left Irkutsk, the spy was particularly loquacious and free-spoken. He told the Lieutenant that Major Siraisi did not consider him a good man for intelligence work and had asked the Department to send another student officer in his place. He added that the Department heads in Chang-Chun also considered Major Siraisi unsatisfactory, that they were keeping him only on account of his former services, and intended soon to replace him by another officer who would be put in charge of all Japanese espionage of Siberia. The Major had built up a very extensive organization, to be sure, but it was not giving the results they wanted. The whole service needed to be braced up. Henceforth the Military Intelligence Section was going to send only carefully trained agents to Siberia and would no longer employ volunteers and amateurs. The new men were to be stationed not only in Irkutsk but at other important points. Then the Department planned to take up the Korean matter again. Miamura attributed the failure of Japan's previous work among these people to Siraisi's mismanagement and ill-advised choice of agents.

A number of technical secrets came

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out in the same conversation. For instance, all secret correspondence thereafter was to be written in chemical ink — a two-per-cent solution of sulphuric acid, which leaves no trace on the paper when dry. This writing was to be interlined between ordinary Japanese correspondence. Especially confidential communications were to be written in what Miamura called 'water ink,' whose composition he did not reveal. In order to read a letter written with it the paper had to be soaked in water for two or three minutes, after which the text became legible, but only until the paper dried, when the writing again vanished.

Maps and plans were photographed with an ordinary standard Kodak, and the films were returned to Japan undeveloped, in special light-proof cases; so that if they were opened at the customhouse they were immediately flashed and the secrets they contained remained undiscovered.

In forwarding documents of great importance the copy was written with water ink and then cut into narrow ribbons transversely to the vertical columns of the Japanese writing. These strips were numbered, also in water ink, and mixed with other ribbons of blank white paper as packing material for articles sent back and forth between Japan and Siberia. To an ordinary observer all this paper looked just alike. Odd-numbered strips and even-numbered strips were generally sent in separate parcels and the parcels dispatched to different addresses. Moreover, the parcels containing different parts of the same message were differently wrapped and packed and had dissimilar contents, so that they would not be suspected of having come from the same person.

We also learned from Miamura's conversations that Vladivostok was full of Japanese spies. In 1914 extensive additions were begun on the city's defenses. No Chinese or Japanese were employed on these works, but Koreans were. Profiting by the latter fact, the Japanese managed to get complete information regarding these improvements. Two years earlier our Government had erected a great railway bridge across the Zeya River in order to join Khabarovsk with the Transbaikal Railway. This junction had great strategic importance, for before that communication between Vladivostok and Russia had been only by means of the Chinese-Eastern Railway through Harbin. As the latter line crosses Chinese territory, Vladivostok and the Maritime Province might be cut off from the rest of Siberia in case of war. With the completion of the new road, however, we had an all-Siberian line lying exclusively in Russian territory. Miamura said that the Japanese had employed a great number of spies at this point during the construction of the road and that the Japanese intelligence service had made such complete surveys of the bridge and the surrounding territory that they could easily blow the structure up with a floating mine in case of war. They had also made a careful survey of the long Khingan tunnel, which they could likewise blow up and thus paralyze the whole Russian system of communication; because the other lines could not accommodate one tenth of the trains called for in our mobilization plans. A similar survey had been made of Vladivostok harbor, and exact data had been procured regarding our aviation school at Vladivostok, including the number and design of our airplanes, the supply of spare parts in stock, and the like.

Miamura also said that the Japanese War Office was making every effort to organize a large staff of soldiers able to speak Russian. Recruits were encouraged to learn that language by promises

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of promotion to the rank of noncommissioned officers, and many young Japanese had migrated to Russia expressly to acquire this accomplishment before joining the ranks.

On the thirtieth of July, 1914, we received our mobilization orders, and three days later were informed of the declaration of war against Germany. Almost immediately Japan became our official ally, and naturally all our old discords and suspicions had to be dropped at once. This put an end to our official counterespionage work.

The following winter official business took me to Harbin. Chao, who accompanied me, told me that on the first day after our arrival he had seen Miamura in company with several Russian officers, and had learned that Miamura spent most of his time with our officers, who were being sent forward in parties to the German front, but were frequently detained at Harbin while waiting for transportation. Chao felt sure that Miamura was spying, but of course I could hardly believe it, in view of the fact that Russia and Japan were allies.

As Miamura did not know me, however, I decided to look into the matter; so I asked Chao to make his acquaintance and introduce me to him as a Staff officer from Irkutsk who expected to leave shortly for the front. Chao managed the affair so expeditiously that the next evening found him, Miamura, and myself sitting together in a box of a café chantant. Miamura was profuse in his compliments upon the excellent form of the Russian troops going forward to the war, and said everybody in Japan felt sure that Russia would win. He represented himself to be a merchant on a business trip, but said that he hoped to be in uniform before long as a Reserve officer.

A few minutes later several young Russian officers joined us. Miamura was evidently pleased at their arrival. After a few drinks had loosened their tongues, Miamura began to inquire with great tact and caution about the units that were being sent to the front. He asked how many troops were still left at such and such points, what classes had been called out, and other questions of that sort. Some of the officers answered reluctantly or evaded answering at all, evidently distrusting any Japanese, no matter how profuse he was in his professions of friendship for Russia. But others were not so prudent. Miamura soon fastened himself to a talkative young battalion aide-de-camp, who had just finished his studies in a military academy. He drew this indiscreet youngster a little apart from the rest of the company and started an animated conversation with him. The young fellow was flattered by Miamura's show of respect and did his best to be agreeable and to answer Miamura's questions.

I was now convinced that Miamura was working for somebody, but the question was, for whom? Knowing his weak point, I decided to get him drunk, hoping that he might then betray himself. I therefore manœuvred matters so that the young officers left our box and only Chao, Miamura, and myself remained. In less than half an hour Chao managed, by means of some terrible concoctions, to get Miamura desperately intoxicated, but to my great disappointment he completely lost his powers of speech, and became so nauseated that he had to be taken out by a waiter. During his absence I requested Chao to be a little less zealous in carrying out my instructions and to try to sober Miamura up with soda water.

Fifteen minutes later the Japanese reappeared. He was still intoxicated,

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but had recovered his powers of speech. Stammering and mixing his words, he said that he had lost his pocketbook and all his money. I called the waiter and told him that the pocketbook must be recovered at any cost; but though the frightened fellow searched everywhere, he could not find it.

Chao then told Miamura to look through his pockets again, but the latter only moaned and made a hopeless gesture with his hands. Chao therepon tried to help him, and soon pulled out of his hip pocket the pocketbook, the very existence of which he had forgotten in his muddled condition. At the same time a small envelope fell to the floor.

By this time Miamura was sound asleep. Chao picked up the envelope, opened it, and drew out a sheet of paper. Glancing at it, Chao saw that it was a communication from the Japanese Staff Headquarters of the Kwangtung district, thanking Lieutenant Miamura for his excellent work in investigating the first Russian mobilization in East Siberia and the Chinese Eastern Railway zone.

Considering that a personal explanation would be useless, I decided to let Miamura know that his secret work had been discovered, and to advise him to leave Russian territory as soon as possible. So I wrote the following note on a sheet of paper, which I thrust into the envelope and put it into his pocket together with the pocketbook: —

'Shame on you, sir, and on your Staff. You are abusing the confidence of your allies and spying among Russian officers on their way to the front to fight our common enemy. I therefore advise you to leave our territories before to-morrow noon. If you are here at that hour I shall show the letter you have received from the Kwangtung Staff to the Russian military authorities in Harbin, and shall bring the matter to the attention of the Japanese Consul at Harbin.'

Directing Chao to sober up Miamura as much as possible and to take him home, in order to discover where he lodged, I immediately left the café.

The following morning Chao told me what happened after my departure. With the assistance of the waiter he had given the intoxicated Japanese a few drops of ammonia, which sobered the man considerably. Half an hour later he was quite himself again, and rose to leave. In pulling out his pocketbook to settle a check he came across my note. When he read it his expression changed instantly. Chao pretended not to notice this, however, and offered to accompany Miamura to his lodgings. To this the Japanese willingly assented.

On their way there Miamura became tremendously excited and began to curse the Russians. Chao defended them half-heartedly in order to lead on his companion. Thereupon Miamura completely lost his temper. He called Chao a scoundrel, accused him of being in the service of the Russians, and charged him with selling the interests of the yellow race to the whites. Chao, who was a quick-tempered fellow, promptly punched Miamura in the head, so that he fell out of the sleigh into the snow. In his excitement and anger Chao let the driver go on for a while; then, recalling my instructions, dismissed him and returned on foot to the place of the quarrel. There he saw Miamura walking down the street, and shadowed him until he entered a house. Early the following morning he telephoned the address to my office. Agents sent to investigate reported to me two hours later that Miamura had given up his lodgings at eight o'clock and had left for the railway station, carrying a

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small bag. He bought a ticket for Chang-Chun and departed by the 9.15 train.

In the spring of 1915 fate brought me once more face to face with Miamura. He was certainly a daring and an enterprising spy. I received a wire from my Manchuria office informing me that three Japanese, including Miamura under a false name, had left Irkutsk for Moscow with passports stating that they were clerks in the employ of a Japanese firm in the latter city. I ordered Miamura taken off the train, and secured instructions from the General Staff to imprison him for three months, as it was war time and this could be done by the military authorities without a trial. When he was brought to the railway station to be deported after his term had expired, I told him that if he came to Russia again he would be tried before a military court and heavily sentenced.

Although my regular counterespionage duties ceased when the war broke out, we still kept an occasional eye on our Japanese friends. Siraisi had reason to thank the outbreak of hostilities for the retention of his post. For a time he kept perfectly quiet; then he began to collect all kinds of data concerning our mobilization work. His carriers, the brothel women, continued to travel back and forth. Finally I got tired of the thing and ordered that these women should be searched at the frontier and all their papers taken from them. Siraisi's communications were always written with chemical ink. My agents developed them with water and candles and then destroyed them; for we had neither the time nor the attention to devote to such matters then. Siraisi was greatly disturbed upon learning that his chemical mysteries had been discovered and his carriers identified; but as nobody was arrested, he eventually resumed his activities. My agents at Irkutsk, Omsk, and Chita noticed that twice a month, always on the same date, an official of the Japanese Foreign Office traveled from Petrograd to Chang-Chun on the mail train. He invariably met Siraisi at Irkutsk and the other chiefs of the Japanese espionage service at Omsk and Chita, where they would hand him certain packages. The official was able to travel undisturbed, thanks to his diplomatic immunity, and his luggage was not examined; but we knew his business perfectly well.

I finally decided to show the Japanese that it was only because they were our allies that I did not put a stop to this work. So the next time the Japanese official reached Omsk and the representative of the Japanese secret service in that city met him with a package in his hand, several children twelve to fourteen years old, who were playing around the station, chased down the railway platform in an excited game and one of the boys managed to fall directly in front of the local Japanese and trip him up. The Japanese stumbled and fell and the package slipped from his hands. A boy snatched it, and the whole crowd ran away shrieking with laughter.

The Japanese who had fallen was very angry and complained to the nearest policeman, who ordered the children to return the package at once. They did so quite obediently; the Japanese handed the package to the official, and both entered the train. A few minutes later the two men rushed out of the train in great agitation, and hurrying up to the policeman complained that the children had abstracted the contents of the package and had substituted old newspapers for them. They asked him to find the children at once and to put an end to stupid pranks, as these might have serious consequences. The policeman inquired what was in

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the package, whereupon they told him it was a manuscript by a well-known Japanese scientist. While this parley was going on the train started, and the Japanese official ran hastily to his car and jumped aboard, while the other man slunk away from the station as unostentatiously as possible and made for town.

Several hours before the same train reached Irkutsk Siraisi left his laundry with a small leather hand-bag and strolled leisurely toward the station. As he crossed the bridge he saw a sleigh approaching at a high rate of speed. He jumped to one side, but it was too late and the sleigh knocked him over in the snow. The peasants who drove it whipped up their horses, and disappeared in a trice. Several spectators who happened to be standing by rushed up to Siraisi and helped him to his feet.

He was pale and frightened, but only slightly hurt. He thanked the gentlemen who helped him, and started to continue on his way to the station, but could not find his hand-bag. A policeman turned up, and the men around Siraisi explained to him volubly what had happened. But the Japanese showed no great eagerness to lay his troubles before the authorities. When asked as to the contents of the bag, so that it could be identified if recovered, he merely said that it contained his own traveling kit, and gave his address.

When the train reached the station, Siraisi met the Japanese official on the platform. After a cordial greeting he related his experience. The official listened without uttering a word. Then, taking Siraisi by the arm, he strolled along the platform with him, telling him something in a low tone of voice. Evidently they were both seriously troubled. Afterward they went into the refreshment room and drank tea together in silence. The Foreign Office official continued his journey, looking very glum, and undoubtedly guessing that there was some connection between the accident at Omsk and the accident at Irkutsk.

His third and last disappointment awaited him at Chita, where he was to meet another secret agent. At one of the last stations before reaching that town a man came aboard the train and entered his first-class compartment, which accommodated two persons. The newcomer greeted the Japanese civilly and introduced himself as the owner of certain gold mines in Eastern Siberia. A huge collie accompanied him. The Japanese glanced at the animal with some distrust, but the gold miner assured him that it was a very gentle and intelligent beast. To prove this he took off his fur coat and, seating himself, made the dog go through a number of different tricks. The Japanese was greatly entertained. He fed the dog sugar, and the animal licked his hand in gratitude.

Time passed so quickly while this performance was going on that the train was already approaching Chita before they noticed it. The Russian rose, leaving his fur coat behind him, and, saying that he had some business at the station, went out, ordering the dog to stay in the compartment. But a moment later, when the Japanese tried to leave, he was stopped by an ugly growl from the collie. All his attempts to placate the animal and to pet her were in vain; she absolutely refused to be propitiated, but growled savagely and threatened to spring at the Japanese whenever he made a move to leave. Of course the details of this little tête-à-tête were never known, but, judging from the noise inside the compartment, listeners outside surmised that it was a lively one.

Meanwhile the spy who came to meet

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the Japanese official searched in vain for him. The frosted windows of the train did not allow him to look inside. At length he rushed into the first-class car and began to search through the compartments. When he came to the one that the official occupied he discovered a sheet of paper fixed to the door, bearing the words, 'Entrance forbidden.' In spite of that he started to enter; but the gold miner barred the way with his huge body and silently pointed to the paper.

Twenty minutes later the train again started. The Russian took the paper from the door, thrust it in his pocket, and entered the compartment as if nothing had happened. The Japanese was furious and berated the Siberian gentleman, calling him names in both Japanese and Russian. The latter feigned unbounded astonishment and absolute ignorance of what had happened. When the poor official explained how 'the beastly cur' had treated him, the owner apologized profusely. The Russian scolded his dog and offered the Japanese some refreshments from a small lunch bag he carried with him. But the latter refused his hospitality. No doubt the Japanese had already made a shrewd guess that the gold miner was only a new link in the chain over which his other agents in Siberia had tripped. When half an hour later the train stopped at a little way station, and the Russian rose and bade him adieu with more profuse apologies, the Japanese stared at him so furiously that he could not help smiling as he hurried to the door.

So far as I know this was the last attempt of our allies to spy upon our military operations in Siberia. The Foreign Office official's abortive trip, which I have just described, occurred in January 1917. Less than two months later the Revolution broke out, and, being a marked man on account of my work in the Tsar's secret service, I was promptly placed under arrest by the new Government.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY [1]

BY ANDRÉ PIERRE

BREST–LITOVSK has been a heavy burden for the Bolsheviki to carry. Certainly, when they signed a separate peace with Imperial Germany, they did great injury to the Allies and compromised hope of an ultimate victory, which was by no means assured in March 1918. Nevertheless, the more we study the memoirs written by different generals, and the diplomatic archives made public since the Revolution, the readier we are to extenuate in some degree the action of the Bolsheviki and to hold the Imperial Government itself in part responsible for the action of Lenin and his friends.

It is no longer possible to-day to doubt that the Russian aristocracy contemplated the possibility of a separate peace with Germany long before the 1917 revolution. Thinly veiled allusions to such a plan appear in

[1] From the *Gazette de Prague* (Prague French-language information weekly), *May 5*

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the four volumes of correspondence between Nicholas II and Alexandra Feodorovna. Secret correspondence between the Tsaritza and her brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse, certain negotiations begun by Madame Vasilchikov in Germany, the odd proposal made by Count Eulenburg, Minister of the Court of William II, to his Russian colleague, Baron Frederichs, for 'a personal getting-together of the two Emperors,' all forbid our doubting longer that as the war wore on sentiment in favor of peace between the two countries gained ground rapidly among the ruling classes of Russia and at the Imperial Court.

But here is something more precise. A Russian review, *Golos Minuvshago*, or 'The Voice of the Past,' published in Paris by the historian Melgunov, has just printed for the first time a memoir drawn up in 1918 by the former Minister of the Interior, Protopopov, shortly before he was shot by the Bolsheviki. A preface precedes the document, written by Piotr Ryss, who relates a conversation that he had with Protopopov during the last weeks of his life. It contains this significant passage relative to the secret interviews at Stockholm with the German diplomat, Warburg, at the time when a delegation of the Duma made its trip abroad: —

'Every reasonable man in Russia, including nearly all of the leaders of the Ka-Det Party, was convinced that Russia was in no condition to continue the war. Physically exhausted, without a domestic iron and steel industry to speak of, and with her uneducated masses inclined to anarchy, the country felt itself on the verge of revolution. But such a revolution could not fail to assume the form of a savage revolt, of anarchy disastrous for the nation. Consequently it seemed imperative to ascertain under what conditions the Germans were willing to conclude a peace with all the Allies. Neither Protopopov nor any of those who agreed with him contemplated a separate peace (between Russia and Germany). That is why Protopopov did not think it expedient to decline a rendezvous with Warburg. Furthermore, (*a*) all the members of the Duma delegation were informed of this conversation; (*b*) the question of a separate peace was not raised; and (*c*) the meeting was, to a certain extent, official.

'The two latter statements are proved by the fact that the conversations between Protopopov and Warburg occurred in the presence of the Russian Ambassador, Nekliudov; in other words, what everybody else was talking about, Protopopov did. "That was the whole sum and substance of my wrongdoing," said the ex-minister in concluding his account.'

If we take this passage at its face value, it simply means that a responsible minister of the Tsar took steps at Stockholm very similar to those that were taken by the Western Allies in Switzerland and elsewhere, but that the only thing contemplated was a possible general peace between the Entente and the Central Powers. But right here, at point (*b*), which specifically mentions a separate peace, Mr. Ryss adds a footnote containing the following supplementary explanation, which leaves no question as to the ultimate intentions of the Russian autocracy, after it felt itself threatened by a revolution: —

'It had been the opinion of Protopopov since early in the war that Russia ought to inform the Allies several months in advance that, being unable to continue the war longer, the Government proposed to end it at a

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specified date. During these few months the Allies and Russia ought to start negotiations with Germany on a basis that could not fail to produce positive results. If the Allies refused to enter into such negotiations, Russia would stop fighting at the date fixed and conclude peace with Germany. In that case Russia would become a neutral Power. Protopopov proposed this plan to the Tsar in December 1916, and he assured me that the Tsar approved it.'

Now Protopopov was either a liar who insufferably slandered his sovereign, or else he told the truth just before his death, at a time when he had nothing to lose. If he told the truth, his testimony proves clearly that Nicholas II contemplated definitely, from 1916 onward, signing a separate peace with his cousin William in case the Allies refused. We may even go to the extent of saying that the only reason he did not carry out the plan was because the revolution did not leave him time to do so.

The Bolsheviki themselves 'committed the treachery' that the Provisional Government under Kerenskii refused to commit. And it is to be observed that they adopted the same tactics that Protopopov contemplated — first, to try to get the Allies to make a general peace; second, if the Allies refused, to break the pact of 1914 and to treat separately with Berlin. So let me repeat once more that, although we have no desire whatever to whitewash the Bolsheviki, we cannot shut our eyes to the light of such a document as the one from which I have just quoted. The Soviet Government did not stand alone in its policy of betrayal.

DEATH'S HERITAGE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Spectator*]

All men are heirs to riches. They inherit
A vast estate the day that they draw breath.
They by the right of Eve, and Adam's merit,
Assume the feudal policies of death.
Their actions wear his livery. Their thought
Is the tradition of his seigneurie.
Their dreams are heirlooms, and their love is naught
But whispers and his fleeting memory.
But some refuse their heritage. These owe
Dangerous fealty to life the lord
That lights them home by ways death does not know
To Eden by the flashes of his sword —
The poets from the riches of the dead
Magnificently disinherited.

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PLAYGOING IN CHINA AND JAPAN[1]

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

My first visit to a Chinese theatre was made in Shanghai during the hottest days of August. Handkerchiefs waved here and there throughout the audience, as the spectators stolidly cooled their perspiring faces. The lighting maintained an unpleasant sort of half-darkness, depending as it did on electric lamps that were thickly covered with dust. The light on the stage, however, was extremely bright. Throughout the audience there was constant movement, and as a great many children were present there was a certain amount of crying and screaming. But no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to it.

As a matter of fact, it was scarcely noticeable at all, for the Chinese drama is fundamentally musical, but 'atonal.' The notes seem to range over five scales all at once. The orchestra — which, along with a good many other things, takes its place on the stage — is very rarely silent. It consists of six or eight men, and if there were more it would be unendurable. In Hangchow, where I heard an orchestra of fresh young players, I finally had to flee from the house.

Chinese orchestral music seems to me to have three fundamental tonal elements. One is dizzyingly shrill; one is thunderous to the point of delirium; one is simply scraping. Its whole thematic system seems to consist of overstimulation, deafening noise, and an approach to the limits between sensuousness and pain. The high points that our music now and then reaches for a moment at a time as climaxes — where one could no more rest than on the point of a bayonet — are on the ordinary level of Chinese music. When the oboes or the violins are used as solo instruments, they provide a kind of relaxation simply through contrast — but only in that way. After a dozen notes are produced you begin to feel that this music too is a cyclone, albeit a simplified one. The Chinese enjoy immensely these modulations of the extremes. To us they are but half comprehensible. Only Europeans who have become thoroughly Orientalized can understand what this music means to the Chinese, and these Europeans are as silent about such things as the Chinese themselves.

Every now and then a little 'super' stumbles over one of the musicians. Even the apprentice actors loiter about the stage — probably in order to learn how to behave there. The hands who bring on and remove the necessary properties, and carry the pillows that are used to protect the costumes, are there *ex officio*. A couple of spectators walk up on the stage, probably to speak to someone they know. Indeed, the stage seems to be a kind of meeting-place, even in the eyes of the actors.

Six hundred years ago a Chinese actress became an imperial concubine and later the mother of an emperor. Since then, it is said, only men have been allowed to adopt the profession of acting. Young actors are trained from

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin Liberal daily), *April 25*

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early youth to play the rôles of women, and until the end of their lives are able to sing falsetto. Not even the warlike stage-emperor allows himself to descend to a mezzo-soprano. The Chinese actor learns how to step mincingly, to assume a languorous expression, to ogle, to sway, to curtsey — in short, to carry out in overt gesture everything that one sees so incredulously on a Chinese teacup. He learns the great art, especially admired in the South, of reaching his soft white hands out of the long full sleeves of his costume, fanning gently with them, and now and then lifting the index finger charmingly in the air. Seldom is he allowed to laugh while he is playing a feminine rôle; indeed, I have never seen this happen on the stage. When he draws his hand back into his sleeve, he must know how to weep softly, turning away from the audience to a half-profile position.

For this reason, however, the Chinese theatre is really a majestic flight from reality, a triumph of artificiality — things that we are only now seeking for in our artistic life. Compared with the Chinese drama, the 'grand manner' of Racine, the style of the *fête galantes*, are as realistic as a play like Hauptmann's *Weavers*. The plot of a Chinese play is regarded as a mere trifle, and indeed can be said to be hardly more than a scenario, indicated by a few lines of dialogue. It does n't even make much difference what words are sung. The important thing throughout is *how*. When the hero rescues the daughter who has had her ears boxed — at a distance of a couple of yards! — and has then been sent out to gather wood, and when, to do so, he has to dismount from his horse, it is this action itself that is the important thing. Up to the crucial point you have the crudest naturalism. At that moment, however, the actor's speed begins to slacken — the 'ornamental moment' has come! The actor strikes a wonderfully balanced pose that lasts longer than the real action itself — and therein lies the difficulty! Undoubtedly this is a reminiscence of Chinese painting. It is an integration of the individual, the stylized, the symbolistic, the real, with incredible sureness and consummateness of form.

But wait just a moment! A warrior is making his entrance. He is War itself. Two gigantic pheasant feathers hang to right and left from his gayly colored helmet; eight silken streamers fly from his back; he carries a broadsword, and has nothing about him that is not costly and sumptuous. As a matter of fact he is a kind of impersonation of an approaching army. He glances about him as fiercely as an eagle. A field marshal! Now he strides forward, frowning, arrogant, swaggering — the very incarnation of war and its horrors. And now as he bows to the mild-mannered Emperor, and addresses him in the required falsetto, he gives the impression chiefly of a hero. Which one of these things does the actor really represent? Well, all of them together, to tell the truth — in the same way as women are commonly supposed to combine art with nature, concealment with revelation, and appearance with reality.

The hero who has put us through all this according to the most ancient usages, and has earned the approving 'Hau, hau!' of the audience, turns aside complacently to have a cup of tea, which he drinks with an elegant gesture. There is still a touch of his theatrical function in his manner; the gesture does not belong to the play, but it decidedly belongs to the theatre. Here, again, it is not so important what he does as how he does it.

If it were not too difficult a task, I should like to describe Mei Lan Fang, the greatest contemporary Chinese

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actor, who was in his youth the protégé of a powerful general, and is now the most charming actor of women's rôles in China. In the midst of the brilliantly colored and highly ornamental costumes of the other actors, he comes upon the stage in an extremely simple and inconspicuous white gown. His entrance is itself a masterpiece of artful posturing, and is made in the most elaborate way by a series of stalking movements, in which the toes are carefully made to point inward. I shall never forget his singing; though it obeys all the artificial rules that are imposed upon him, it makes one forget for the moment that China is the land of fantastically carved stones and, formerly at least, of cramped feet for women. There is much in his acting, indeed, that reminds one of great European artists. His mastery of the classical Chinese theatrical art is perfect, and on that account a certain amount of very refined naturalism is allowed him, as it would not be allowed any other actor. He is the undisputed leader of the Northern stage. Is his art perhaps the beginning of the inevitable end?

My dearest memories are of the theatre in the South of China. It is less infected than the Northern with the poison breath of Western civilization. It is more self-sustaining and less dependent on outside stimulus. The people of the South cling with almost passionate affection to the monstrous *décor*, to the imaginative daring, to the atmosphere of superstitious terror, that are characteristic of this stage. In the South I have never seen cigarette advertisements on the side scenes, as I did in Peking, where that crude modern note reduced to vulgarity the old magnificent indifference to scenery. The imaginative spirit of the traditional Chinese stage is too powerful for it ever to descend to hokum so long as it keeps on its own ground. Near Changsha I saw some village actors playing for eight days in honor of a great lady's birthday, and they were as impressive in their way as any great cast in Wuchang. Their work was marked by the same determination never to admit an action that could be regarded as merely an excellent piece of imitation. Even these village players knew that the content must be a secondary matter in comparison with the manner in which it is treated. Only three thousand years of unbroken cultural activity could lead so far.

The Japanese theatre is much closer to ours, and therefore much easier to understand. Like the Western stage, it demands a detailed and carefully woven plot, which is of primary, not secondary, importance, and which works upon the audience for its own sake. Never shall I forget the seven geisha girls who sat near me in the European loge in Osaka, who kept their handkerchiefs to their black eyes constantly, and wept softly. A Chinese actor would have envied the grace with which they did this, but no Chinese spectator would have understood their doing it. In Japan, of course, as in China, there is a taste for rigidly constructed plots, for stately formality, for definite stylization of acting; but it is all subordinated to the events represented, and does not overwhelm them. The scenery is carefully constructed to preserve the illusion of reality, and of course the Japanese house and the Japanese landscape are wonderfully adapted to the purpose.

The whole playhouse is itself a stage setting of a festal splendor and brilliance in lighting that are like nothing else in the theatres of the world. The *décor* of the auditorium itself has always been marked by a gayety and yet a simplicity of effect that we in our snowy and rainy North and our dusty South know nothing of. The wood

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used in construction is of a bright red color, and is decorated with choice carvings that never destroy the general line-effect. The room itself could hold the spectators for a whole day without any drama. How far from the Chinese theatre!

Here too, however, the rôles are entirely taken by men. From the earliest times the Chinese have been the teachers of Japan, and in the Japanese theatre, therefore, there is always a reminiscence of the Ming period. But with what a difference! The actors speak in their natural bass or tenor voices, even when they play feminine rôles. All the players on the stage are unmistakably men. Frequently, to be sure, even to-day, their manner is governed by their superhuman samurai ideal, but in every other respect they are no more remote from bustling reality than our own Wilhelm Tell. They play in the full glare of an indescribably bright and colored light, which makes an impression of strangeness on a Westerner, but is natural enough to the happy inhabitants of a sunny country.

Even the Japanese theatre does not make room for the purely realistic drama of our matter-of-fact, 'problem'-puzzled stage. In this respect it is closer to the Chinese. But the plot is not distorted in order to make it harmonious with the extremest ecstasy of musical tone; it is, on the contrary, given the greatest possible clarification by the accompaniment. On one side of the stage sits an interpreter, decoratively ensconced, who comments upon what happens on the stage in a guttural and sometimes in a falsetto voice. In addition he gesticulates with an extreme emphasis that seems to us not far from parody — a remnant of the Chinese *fortissimo*.

What a dualism the two stages symbolize! The Chinese orchestra opens the way to the inner depths of the action by means of its 'absolute' music. The Japanese interpreter undertakes to keep the spectator from missing anything that takes place on the stage. Is not this a key to the profundity of the Chinese and the rationalism of the Japanese? China seems like a huge disorderly studio in which lives a great artist who is quite indifferent to the life about him and lives only for the sake of creating. But the Japanese artist builds up about himself a beautiful environment and a host of collectors, connoisseurs, decorators. The Chinese artist creates things in the midst of dirt and disorder by checking nothing and using everything. He attains his goal — the beautiful. And the Japanese artist does no less, but he does it, as it were, within a frame. As a Japanese spectator, with his wife and children, all dressed with the most studied refinement, takes his place at the theatre in a 'box' carpeted with fine mats and fenced off by white wood, he achieves the same creation of beauty as is achieved on the stage itself. The Chinese artist creates a work out of mud and fire, and from then on is but little concerned with what may happen to it. The Japanese artist seeks the beautiful and clings to it. We shall always be able to understand the Japanese, because they weep in the theatre just as we do. Only with difficulty can we understand the Chinese at all, and we shall never understand them thoroughly.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NOTES ON ELLEN KEY

ELLEN KEY's death, a few weeks ago, seemed to have — more than any other recent death, perhaps — as much a general as a personal significance; in her figure the Women's Movement of the late nineteenth century had a kind of symbolic embodiment. Among the utterances called forth in the European press by her death, not the least interesting is a short article by Ivan Trotskii — not the War Minister! — in *Dni*, the Paris Russian-language daily.

'Sweden mourns the loss,' he says, 'of a veteran leader of her intellectual Olympus, a writer and thinker who for more than half a century fought for individual and intellectual freedom. Like every defender of liberty, Ellen Key trod a stony path. Her fame and her influence on people's minds were won at a heavy cost. The uncrowned queen of Sweden, as she was called, knew, during her long and fruitful life, all the torments and mortifications that are the lot of the chosen. Only her will to live and a firm belief in people and in her own unusual strength helped her to surmount the tremendous obstacles that barred her way.

'Not until her very last years did she succeed in reaching the calm summit of unimpeachable fame. Human baseness, envy, and slander had not spared even her. And, what is most shocking, the dark campaign of blackening the good name of Ellen Key was led by Sweden's great writer — a dramatist and artist whose genius overshadowed for years the other literary names of Scandinavia and whose name is known to readers the world over. Strindberg's pamphlet-novel, *The Black Banners*, shortened the life of Gustaf af-Geierstam and inflicted an irremediable spiritual wound on Ellen Key. In Pai, the heroine of that novel, he caricatured her as a vicious demon, a true offspring of Hell. A quarter of a century has passed since the appearance of that monstrous lampoon, but Ellen Key and the Swedish literary world never forgot it for a single day. Her answer to Strindberg's inexcusable act was a silent withdrawal from Stockholm. She left the boiling whirlpool of literary dissensions for a quiet provincial corner where she continued to write and work in retirement.

'But even in spite of her retirement, the little town of Strand became a literary Mekka, a Swedish Iasnaia Poliana. Who did not go to that distant Northern haunt? What country did not send her intellectual pilgrims there to commune with the aging thinker? Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Englishmen, Americans, even Japanese and Chinese, found their way to Strand. Thoughtful, responsive, and courteous, Ellen Key never refused any one. The doors of her modest but unusually comfortable villa, filled with flowers, were always open. How this old woman, whose features till very recently were reminiscent of her former beauty, would rouse to animation whenever her favorite themes were touched upon!

'I was fortunate enough to meet her several times. The first time, I heard

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her speak at the Pacifist Congress in Stockholm. What an amazing speech it was! She spoke of peace and disarmament with the passionate conviction of a humanitarian and an enemy of war. Her voice was full of genuine pathos. I remember that Bertha Suttner, the author of *Down with Arms*, literally trembled with emotion while listening to her. "This is the thing! This is what I did not know how to express in my own book! She is the one who must preach peace!"

'There was much else that she preached, besides peace. She was a tireless champion of women's social and political rights. She stood close to the labor movement, she fought the tendency to coarseness and brutality in literature, she labored to diffuse humanism in its purest form. In her investigations of Goethe's work she gave evidence of quite unusual critical power. What excited great aversion in her was the so-called literature of nakedness. Herself a rebel, a revolutionary, a seeker for truth, Ellen Key nevertheless could not accept the literary tendency that found its expression in Wedekind and his followers.

'In her personal life Ellen Key was more than unassuming. Coming as she did from an aristocratic family, and very popular in society both as a celebrity and as a woman, she always lived exclusively on what she earned. The last ten or twelve years of her life she devoted to helping the needy with her material means and her personal efforts. In Strand she built a "Recuperation-House" for women engaged in menial work. She threw her whole soul into that enterprise; her thoughts were always with it. She bequeathed her whole fortune to it, and her last wish was to be given a modest funeral without wreaths or ceremonies. "Whoever wants to honor my memory," she wrote in her testament, "let him contribute something to the 'House of Recuperation' instead of sending flowers for my coffin."

'The body of Ellen Key was cremated, in accordance with her wishes. A modest urn received the ashes of one of the best women of Scandinavia, whose name is to remain inscribed in the Pantheon of the world's literature.'

HAUPTMANN AS A SITTER

WHAT virtues does a portrait painter demand of his sitters? Is mere amiability and concessiveness enough, — if it leads to patient sitting, — or should the subject coöperate with the artist in a sense in which he need not coöperate with a photographer? It would appear that a sitter may in fact be too amiable for the artist's purposes, if we are to believe Count Aldo Severi, the Italian portrait painter, who writes in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of some of his experiences in painting the playwright, Gerhardt Hauptmann, in his Italian home. In the five days which Count Severi was granted for the work, he encountered several obstacles, — bad light and his own depression among others, — but the worst trial, he declares, was the sitter himself.

'Hauptmann himself is the chief obstacle to my work,' he writes of the first day's experience — 'the greatness and the beauty of my subject on the one hand, and his — really lamentable — amiability on the other. He is entirely too friendly, too accommodating, too gentle. Of course he is showing this pleasant side of his personality wholly for my sake, but what can I do with it? It 's of no value at all for the canvas! I know instinctively all the time that the Hauptmann I am seeing is not the real Hauptmann. *He* would certainly look very different indeed — self-sufficient, imperious, peremptory.

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Alas for me! He has granted me only five sittings. Let me assume my most lowering expression, and then perhaps, by heaven, he will relinquish this everlasting equable friendliness. But then he breaks into a hearty laugh, and of course I have to laugh too. A fine fix, to be sure! How shall I ever get anywhere? I must simply leave no stone unturned in order to get at the heart of the man's nature, and that quickly. I must conduct myself as if I were on a fencing floor trying to get at my opponent's body. After half an hour Hauptmann had had enough, and so had I. The perspiration was dripping from my forehead. Whew!'

Not until the third day did the Count manage to get what seemed to him a glimpse into his sitter's 'soul,' and on the fourth day — perhaps as a result of detecting the artist's *malaise* — Hauptmann posed in a virtually satisfactory manner. The following day, however, was ruined by bad lighting and low spirits. On the fifth and last day everything went beautifully — too beautifully, for Hauptmann was growing impatient, and at the end of the first hour sprang up incontinently and exclaimed: '*Ecco fatto!* Now we had better stop. I promised to sit five times for you, and now the picture is quite finished.' The painter protested that the clothes needed a little more touching up, but Hauptmann was adamant. 'Take my word for it,' he said, 'and let it go as it is. *Non ci faccia altro.* One must n't make too much of a task like this. The picture pleases me as it is. Psychologically it has a great resemblance to the subject.'

✽

MEMORIES OF DEBUSSY

THE French poet and Academician, Henri de Régnier, gives some reminiscences of the musician Debussy in a recent number of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. 'I do not know,' he says, 'whether it was at the Independent Art Bookshop' — a famous shop in the Chaussée d'Antin kept by the singular Edmond Bailly — 'that I first met Claude Debussy, but whenever I think of him it is in that setting. I recollect seeing him come in with his heavy and padded gait. I can see his slack and nonchalant body, the dull pallor of his face, his lively black eyes with their heavy lids, his enormous and strangely bulging forehead over which he brushed a long curling forelock — his whole appearance at once feline and gypsyish, ardent and concentrated.

'The rest of us would fall to chatting. Debussy would listen, thumb the leaves of a book, study an engraving. He loved books and bibelots, but he always came round finally to music, not saying much about himself, but speaking with some severity of his confrères. He spared almost no one except Vincent d'Indy and Ernest Chausson. I recall nothing very striking in these conversations, but his remarks were those of an intelligent man. He interested one by always maintaining a certain distance and elusiveness. I saw him frequently, and, though I never got to know him intimately, I admired him sincerely. I never was as close to him as he was to Pierre Louys.

'Indeed, it was at Pierre Louys's that I came nearest to Debussy. Louys lived at that time in the Rue Grétry in an old house where he occupied several tastefully furnished rooms, already full of books. Debussy came to the Rue Grétry almost every day, and I myself was frequently there. I often saw him sit down at the piano. I heard him play his Baudelairean melodies, fragments from *Tristan*, and almost all of *Pelléas*, day by day as he was composing it. In spite of my ignorance of music, I had the feeling that an important musical work was coming into existence, and

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that the author of *Pelléas* was a musician with a great future. At the first performance of the opera my feeling was confirmed. After that period I saw Debussy only at rather irregular intervals, but we continued on the same friendly terms, and when, on the day of his funeral, I went to pay tribute to his memory, it was not only out of respect for a great musician, but also in memory of the Debussy of the Rue Grétry and the Chausée d'Antin.'

❦

A FORGOTTEN HYMN-WRITER

'THEY have just been celebrating at Wrexham the centenary of Bishop Heber's death,' says the *Daily Telegraph*. 'The odd convention which ordains that little notice should be taken of the authors of the words of hymns has left people who know many of his verses by heart ignorant of who he was, or even that it was he who wrote the familiar lines. But if literary power is to be judged by the general affection for an author's work, Reginald Heber was a great man. In any list of a dozen of the most popular English hymns one or two of his would certainly be found. Everybody knows the words of "From Greenland's icy mountains." Whatever some of us may think of its artificiality, it is idle to deny that the author was expressing the thoughts and emotions of hosts of people in verse which seems to them beautiful.

'But Heber could do more than that. If sound criticism were compiling a list of the hymns in English which for sincerity and depth of feeling and mastery of expression are in the first rank, the list could not be long, but in it would surely be two which Heber wrote, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and "The Son of God goes forth to war." It is a remarkable achievement, for Heber, though an almost faultless and a perfectly charming person, nowhere else comes near great things or the grand style. Rather pompously, rather unkindly, it has been said that "his verse is wanting in the divine afflatus."

'One story of him hits off much more exactly just what he could do, and how. Heber won the Newdigate in 1803 with what some still think the best prize poem ever written. The subject was Palestine. Walter Scott came to Oxford, and Heber read to him the description of Solomon's Temple. Sir Walter, always amiable, said they were very pretty verses, but the poet had forgotten the most remarkable thing — that the Temple was built without tools. Heber took the hint, and the only lines out of his poem which anyone now remembers are:

> 'No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

'That gives his measure. He had a command of easy, rather ornate and mannered style; he was comfortable in any metre. Give him a touch of inspiration and he might strike out something great. But the power was not of himself. For the rest, he was the most amiable of men, a devoted parish priest, a missionary bishop who sacrificed his life to his work. Let us also remember that to the kindly wit of Heber we owe "the best comic poem, except the *Ingoldsby Legends*, ever written by a clergyman" — that version of Bluebeard in which Fatima is assured by her sister that the bridegroom's silks and pearls are undeniable, and for her part she "don't think his whiskers so frightfully blue."'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Sous le soleil de Satan, by Georges Bernanos. Paris: Plon, 1926. 10 francs.

[E. Jaloux in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

THIS volume is, I believe, the first novel that has been written about sainthood — the first real novel, I mean, not just a literary biography couched in more or less novelistic terms, such as Huysmans's *Sainte Lydvinne de Schiedam*. And anyone who considers for a moment the difficulty of the undertaking will be surprised to find that M. Bernanos has almost succeeded. *Sous le soleil de Satan* is significant in this sense, that it is consistently admirable in those passages one would suppose to have been almost impossible to write, and mediocre in passages that one would have supposed to be very easy. The main thing to keep in mind is that sainthood does exist, and that to smile at it or to deny it would be the same as to have no belief in genius simply because one has not happened to know Dante or Goethe. But to understand what constitutes it is no easy matter; it is absolutely necessary to get at the central phenomenon that recurs in the personalities of all saints. Now I believe no competent person will contradict me when I say that M. Bernanos has made this central phenomenon as clear and as comprehensible as anyone could make it without being himself a saint — or at least without being one yet, since of course no one can foretell the future, and for the moment I assume that M. Bernanos is no saint on the ground that he writes novels.

La Présentation des Haïdoucs, by Panaït Istrati. Paris: Rieder et Compagnie, 1926.

[*Semaine Littéraire*]

MR. PANAÏT ISTRATI, the Rumanian romancer, is now a 'made' author; his works have been translated into ten languages, and an increasing number of readers wait impatiently for his new books. The truth is that Mr. Istrati has not only, as a foreigner writing our language, reproduced in France the 'miracle of Conrad' in England, but has rejuvenated a genre that was beginning to disappear from our literature — the genre of the pure narrative, where the story is of first importance and where 'setting' and 'psychology' play second fiddle. And in spite of everything Mr. Istrati has brought us back to the novel of adventure; his stories, in addition to their brevity, have an indefinable legendary savor and a delicacy of line that put them in an intermediate class that is almost unknown in our language.

The fictitious narrator, Adrien Zograffi, after having told us of Kyra Kyralina and of his family in a narrative full of warm Oriental coloring, then of Uncle Anghel, now introduces us to the *Haïdoucs*, who are chivalrous and justice-loving brigands living in the mountains of Rumania — outlawed protectors of the oppressed. Each of the Haïdoucs rises and tells his story. Unfortunately there is a good deal of similarity in these tales, and the result is a little monotonous. There is also a respectable number of outraged women and a certain abuse of untranslatable Rumanian expressions that give his pages the typographical appearance of some translations from the Russian. We should point out, on the other hand, a very marked improvement in the French.

Laudin und die Seinen, by Jakob Wassermann. Berlin: S. Fischer.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

HERR WASSERMANN, who is known to English and American readers by a number of novels of German social life, — above all by his *Goose-man*, — might well have called his latest novel, *Laudin und die Seinen*, simply *Marriage*. For the problems of married life, the validity and value of the institution of marriage itself, are the book's sole theme. Herr Friedrich Laudin was a typical member of the German professional class, a successful barrister in the prime of life, who had managed after the war to maintain his reputation, gained round about 1910, as an able advocate who specialized in divorce questions. His constant touch with these marriage problems gradually brings him 'up against' his own position. He is a respectable married man, and has two daughters in their teens and a younger son; while his wife, Pia, is a devoted creature, but with not much outlook beyond her home and her children. Laudin little by little drifts away from *Seinen*, from his own circle, and gets enmeshed with a well-known actress, Lulu Dercum, on whose account the youthful son of his friend Fraundofer had shot himself. This part of the story and the comments of Laudin's daughters on the fatal episode incidentally shed an interesting light on German youth and the 'child-suicides' with which the German press used to preocccupy itself so much. How Laudin gradually falls under

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Lulu Dercum's influence, how she extracts money from him by her sexual wiles and leads him into most undesirable society — this far from original plot is skillfully unfolded against a background of other wrecked marriages. The dénouement is rather weak. Pia gives her husband his freedom, and, liberated from the formal compulsion of marriage, Laudin finds the way back to 'his own.' As an interpretation of the problem of marriage the novel is disappointing; as a representation of events in a typical marriage it succeeds by reason of Herr Wassermann's excellent command of realistic but not excessively naturalistic prose.

Fathers of the Revolution, by Philip Guedalla. London: John Murray; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

[*Sunday Times*]

Mr. Philip Guedalla, who has been hailed by Sir Edmund Gosse as 'the paladin to whom we look to deliver us from the dragon of historical dreariness,' is in the Macaulay tradition. He handles history imaginatively — recreates incident and character, instead of merely preserving them in his pages as fossils are preserved in a museum, and adds to a picturesque narrative style piquant satirical and epigrammatic gifts and a skill in the use of antithesis that remind one of the caustic wit and irony of Junius. Now and then his satire and epigram — as when he writes, 'Few persons, if one excepts the writers of historical plays, have failed to notice the dramatic qualities of history' — are forced and mechanical and have no bite to their bark; but as a rule, to mix the metaphor, they have a lightning brilliance, and there is potence in the flash of them. His *Fathers of the Revolution* is no formal history of the War of Independence, but goes behind the event to reveal its inner significance in a series of character studies of the more or less famous personages who were responsible, intentionally or unintentionally, for the foundation of the United States of America.

Man is the only animal that makes gods, says Mr. Guedalla, and 'of all the gods which man has ever made the most singular are those which he makes out of other men.' There are no gods in Mr. Guedalla's gallery except George Washington and, perhaps, Lafayette, for neither Burke nor Chatham has ever quite been deified, and it is in no spirit of iconoclasm that he robs Washington of something of his godhood in order to make something more of a man of him. 'The father of his country has,' in Mr. Guedalla's opinion, 'been deprived of his identity by his grateful children.'

> He was encrusted with moral tales which equally repel belief and admiration; his noble figure was draped in the heavy folds of those Teutonic virtues which the Anglo-Saxon imagination erroneously attributes to the Romans. . . . He saved, in a military sense he made, the Revolution; and its happy heirs have repaid him with a withered nosegay of schoolgirl virtues. Misconceived panegyric has made him almost ridiculous; and chivalry dictates his rescue from the dull swarms of commonplace with which he has been belittled.

Having reëstablished Washington as a human being, Mr. Guedalla notes that 'at his burial there were three volleys and a salvo of guns. But, with an informality that must seem curious in such a case, he never lay in state. The omission has been abundantly repaired; and it is his tragedy that his reputation has been lying in state ever since.'

Lafayette does not come through his biographer's hands so successfully. He emerges shorn of his beams and figuring as the sort of knight-errant who belongs to musical comedy. But one is a little reluctant to let him go at that. He may have been actuated more by hatred of England and a desire to benefit his own country than by love for America, but there is a certain idealism and gallantry about the youthful adventurer that atones for his vanities. He had his foolish side (who has not?), and after the Declaration of Independence wanted to swagger before George III in an American uniform; but even the fact that Shakespeare angled for a coat of arms takes nothing from the real value of his achievement.

The ablest, most sympathetic, of these portraits are of George III and Benjamin Franklin. Admirable, too, are the deft sketches of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, whom Mr. Guedalla commends to America as worthy of statues in her public places, for 'did they not lose the war and found the United States?' As you gather from the devastating 'Footnote on Greatness' which supplements the essays, Mr. Guedalla is no extremist in the matter of hero-worship, but leaves himself wondering about Great Men, — 'there used to be so many of them,' — and thinks the greatness of the Great Man 'seems to become still more dubious if one watches him in action.' Here you watch him in action, and find that Mr. Guedalla takes nothing away from history except its dullness, and, at worst, simply humanizes our heroes by giving them their proper hats in exchange for their halos.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Rosa, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

THIS latest novel by Mr. Hamsun deals once more with fields and characters that his readers already know well. Here again are the Norwegian village of Lofoten; Benoni Hartvigsen, vain and morose; the great trader Mack, a tsar and a despot; and the fish nets drying in the clear cold Northern sunlight. The dominant character of Rosa alone strikes a note of warmth and cheer. The novel, if such it may be considered, has little or no plot, and might better be called a journal. The dreariness of character and landscape, the fatalism and weariness of life, may well depress the reader. Withal the book has a fascination exactly as the *Growth of the Soil* had. Perhaps it rests on its exotic appeal, perhaps on the consistency of its grimness — more probably on the feeling of a strength and vigor, physical and mental, that rise insurmountable and shows the very core of a hardy and stalwart race.

A Brazilian Tenement, by Aluisio Azevedo. Translated from the Portuguese by Harry W. Brown. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company, 1926. $3.00.

THIS story, by one of Latin America's greatest realists, is a chapter from life in a sunny cottage-close of Rio de Janeiro, where white and black, laborer, laundress, demimondaine, and decayed gentlewoman mingle on terms of social equality, and where sordid vice and primitive passion flourish in tropical luxuriance without stifling a spirit of cheery mutual helpfulness and human brotherhood. Interwoven with the dispersed plot is a portrayal of the relationship between native and immigrant, race and race, and climate and character, in a West of Suez quite as untrammeled by our conventions as any place east of that famous moral boundary. Altogether a worth-while book, with a sort of photographic veracity that adds to the fascination of its exotic and vivid coloring.

Adam's Breed, by Radclyffe Hall. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $2.50.

THAT human conduct is as thoroughly determined as any other natural phenomenon by hereditary and environmental influences is the basic idea of this chronicle of a man's life from birth to a tragic but glorious end — an idea that is worked out with perfect inevitability. Gian-Luca, an Italian born in London, whose paternity remains unknown and who consequently goes through life without a name, living in a group of Italian émigrés in Compton Street, sets forth on successive quests for love, for beauty, for success, for a country, and at last for God. The somewhat novel theme is food. The little Italian clan makes its livelihood dispensing food. In Gian-Luca's earliest recollections are the enticing odors of his grandfather's delicatessen shop. The faithful and boastful Mario, waiter in a third-rate restaurant, initiates him into the profession. An important and impressive character is Millo, the proud proprietor of the fashionable 'Doric' where Gian-Luca achieves notable success as head waiter. But most impressive of all is the hard, capable old grandmother, Theresa, forever embittered against Gian-Luca because his advent meant disgrace and death for her beloved Olga, but brought at last to make a fetish of her macaroni machine. A study in the disillusionment of a sensitive and compassionate soul, the sadness of which is tempered by art, for Radclyffe Hall, an English woman-novelist, new to America, is undeniably an artist.

The Verdict of Bridlegoose, by Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. $2.50.

WHY Mr. Powys should 'put on the mantle' — as the jacket says — of Rabelais's Bridlegoose in order to deliver his verdict on our long-suffering civilization is not entirely clear from his book; that excellent jurist was represented as (*a*) advanced in years, (*b*) simple, and (*c*) devoted to a rigorous administration of justice — no one of which epithets describes Mr. Powys with any special felicity. He is indeed quite unmistakably middle-aged; he is simple only within the limits permitted a writer for the *Dial;* and his justice is tempered, if not by mercy, at least by a feeling for the picturesque, the sententious, and the savory. His record of years spent in New York, on the Pacific Coast, and in the Rockies is a little too hospitable to the trivial — which only memorialists of genius know how to use tellingly — to impose itself as a first-rate pronouncement on America. Nevertheless, Mr. Powys has the sort of 'second-rate sensitive mind' that apprehends a good many things unapparent to a hasty eye, and a certain coherent picture does, as a result, emerge from his fluent pages.

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THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

JULY, 1926 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE VERY BEST PEOPLE

The reviewer for the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, discussing Sylvia Thompson's story "The Hounds of Spring" found her characters especially delightful. He wrote:

"But the point is that Miss Thompson has managed to write a book about the very best people — people who are so excellent that they almost escape being smart and are certainly outside the set of 'Those Charming People' of Mr. Arlen. For all that they have the most astounding things happen to them. The plot is thick. 'Thicker and thicker all the time.' Miss Sylvia Thompson is a story-teller."

APPEALS TO EVERYONE

Some novels have a critical success but leave the public cold. Others are read by the masses and ignored or harshly criticised by the "intelligent minority." Sylvia Thompson's story has the happy fate of pleasing each camp. It is both a critical and a popular success. Fanny Butcher, the celebrated reviewer for the *Chicago Tribune*, wrote:

"It has every quality of that golden-laurel-wreathed class of novels . . . the kind of a book that appeals to everyone."

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SYLVIA THOMPSON'S BOOK LEADS ALL 1926 TITLES

The leading bookstores of the country, according to a recent report, give "The Hounds of Spring" third place on the list of best-selling novels throughout the United States. The first two places are occupied by novels published last autumn so that Miss Thompson's remarkable story, which was published February 16, leads all titles of this year in point of sales.

"The Hounds of Spring" is a moving and intensely dramatic story in which the loss of her fiancé in the war so wounds a lovely young English girl that she is unable to face stern reality, and listlessly contracts a loveless marriage. The restlessness of the new generation in England is the background against which the personal tragedy of Zina and Colin is worked to a conclusion that brings them happiness, though at great cost.

42,500 in 3 Months

"The Hounds of Spring" published February 16, had a larger advance sale than "If Winter Comes" the most popular novel of the last decade. In the first three months it had passed the 42,500 mark.

Young Author to Marry

Miss Sylvia Thompson, author of "The Hounds of Spring" is to be married to Peter Luling, an American who studied at Oxford as did Miss Thompson. Her book was dedicated "To the mind of H. G. Wells and to Peter Luling." Miss Thompson is said to be at work on another novel.

ENGLAND AGREES

High Praise Given Hounds of Spring by American Critics Echoed Abroad

It's no uncommon thing for a story to achieve notable success in America and sink to oblivion in England. And of course plenty of English successes couldn't sell a thousand copies here. Sylvia Thompson's book, however, has won approval on both sides of the Atlantic. The commendatory early reviews in the United States were equalled by those in Great Britain.

The "treasured *Times*" as F. P. A. used to say, found that there was "happily a touch of individual distinction in her handling of the subject" and mentioned "the freshness of treatment" characteristic of "The Hounds of Spring."

The *Manchester Guardian*, whose literary reputation is as lofty as that of any paper published in English, said "Expertness is not a quality on which one dwells when it occurs in the book of a veteran, but it surprises us in this novel." The *Guardian* refers to the fact that Miss Thompson was only twenty-two when she wrote it.

The *Spectator* found the story "a true and vivid account of the tendencies which predominated in England during this period" and the *Morning Post* said it was "extremely well and wisely done."

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